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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Treeful of Owls

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

Rehearsing the Playgoer

By JOHN CORBIN

A Parliament of Hungry

By PETER CLARK
MACFARLANE

Keeping Up with Father Time

By GEORGE FITCH



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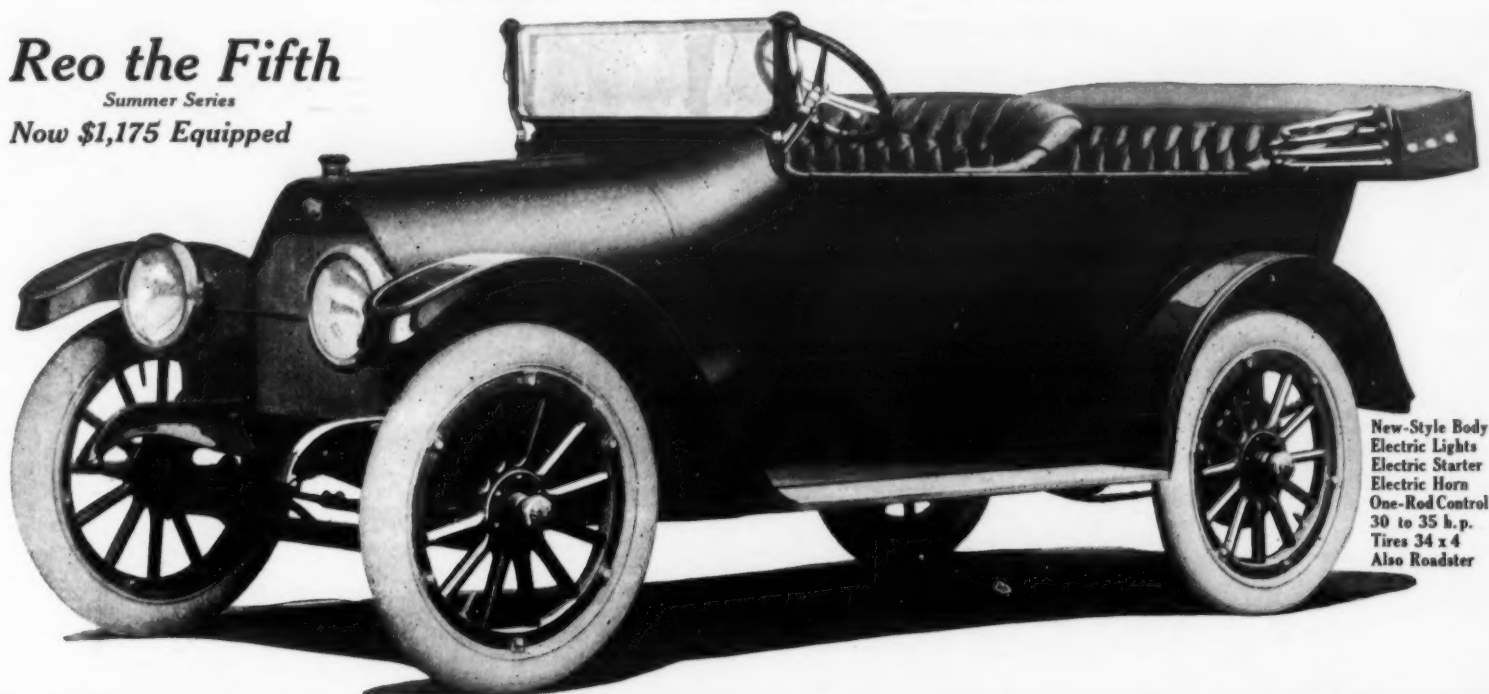
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOLUME 52 NUMBER 22

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

FEBRUARY 14, 1914

A Treeful of Owls

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

NEAR the Giant-killers' ball park was a clean little barber shop patronized by the champions, including the manager, Tris Ford—otherwise, but mighty seldom, Tristram Carlingford. Among the regular customers was Andy Yellott, and, reclining cheek by jowl, the humble but voluble Andy and the famous but reticent Tris became pretty well acquainted.

Andy's great sorrow in life was that Tris Ford shaved himself, and so came to the barber's not oftener than twice a month in pursuit of a hair cut. Andy frequented the shop for shaves as well as "trims," and also in search of current literature, which comprehended stories, jokes, and illustrated biographical matter relating to the diamond, the prize ring, and to the anatomy of stage land. He went every day so that he might not perchance lose a chat with Manager Ford.

You rightly conclude that Andy was a baseball fan. Also, and this is germane to our tale, he was that rare anomaly, a fan with weak lungs. This was neither a joke nor a tragedy. To baseball he attributed his successful warfare against the white plague, and the specialist concurred. He was told that he could with safety remain at home summer and fall, simply because he spent so much of his time in the open air at the ball park, but that after the baseball season—the end of the year in his calendar—he must hie himself to New Mexico.

"Sent to the bushes," Andy called it. But boasted: "I'll come back!" And he did—for the first invasion of the Western clubs.

IT WAS early in November that Tris Ford received a special-delivery letter, postmarked Deming, N. Mex., from Andy Yellott. There was a wonderful catcher on the Deming Club, John Smith by name, and not a day should be lost in getting his name to a contract. "He reminds me," wrote Andy, "of old Buck Ewing—honest!"

Letters of this nature came to Tris Ford sometimes to the number of twenty a day. There were fans scattered from the sand lots of Maine to the bushes of California who were constantly striving to bolster up the Giant-killers with new material.

Tris Ford's policy was to answer every one of these letters. Each reply made him a friend, and, although he tried out comparatively few of the players recommended, there was always the chance that one of these volunteer scouts might some day turn a potential star Ford's way. There was Win Shute, the top-notch second baseman, who came to the Giant-killers in the oddest manner—an unpublished bit of baseball history.

So, of course, Tris meant to acknowledge Andy Yellott's communication. His intention was to write the far-away fan a friendly letter, fully two pages in length. Thus the recommendation appertaining to one John Smith was carefully laid aside and mislaid. What was unusual with him, Tris Ford, methodical and systematic, forgot all about the letter.

At the time the manager of the Giant-killers was long on catchers. You can see that, if you happened to have a capable cook, industrious, uncomplaining, and with a good disposition (perhaps this

is overdrawn), you probably would not be interested in a tip that So-and-so was both an expert Diana of the range and available.

Of course any good ball player could be traded—exchanged for a player of another club; a catcher swapped for a pitcher. But when a manager is

"But out in New Mexico, you played ball under the name of John Smith. Isn't that right?"



strongly fortified with catchers, for example, he pays less attention to tips on backstops. Particularly, as in baseball, many are called but few deliver the goods.

After a week came a telegram from Andy, reading: "Did you get my letter about catcher? Don't lose Smith. He's a comer."

FINDING that Deming was on the transcontinental, Ford wired back:

"If I winter in California, will stop off and look him over. Regards."

Two days before Manager Ford started for the Coast he received word that Ira Landis, his star catcher, had been shot in the leg while hunting. Nothing serious, but—some doubt about his taking his regular turn behind the bat earlier than July!

The day before taking the train, Tris telegraphed Andy Yellott that he was coming and would stop off at Deming. Back ticked this reply:

"Too late—Smith going to College."

Tris Ford wrinkled his forehead over this telegram as he ate his farewell dinner at home. Finally he decided that "College" was the telegrapher's mistake—that Andy meant "Chicago." And he dismissed John Smith from his plans with this mental observation: "Well,

Jimmy Harahan may have a good man." Jimmy managed the Chicago White Sox.

THE difficulty with this story is that it has two beginnings—the root of all the complications. Here we make a fresh start. Action—contemporaneous.

At Albuquerque, N. Mex., waiting "to engine," were two mining engineers, graduates of a New England college, which they revered, and of a technical school in New York, which they respected. They were nine years out of college, and in the interim much had happened in that ancient and honorable institution. Change had brought about new and severe standards relating to intercollegiate athletics. "Eligibility rules" had come into full force and blighting effect since the time one of these grads played end rush and the other quarter back, and both played summer baseball unmolested.

In their antiquated view, any man was eligible for a college team who was in college, provided only that he possessed the essential athletic skill. They hadn't forgotten Larry Maloney, best drop-kicker of his day and a first baseman of excellence, who had played in vacation on a minor league club under the name of Wagner. The grads remembered that everybody in college respected Maloney all the more because he was good enough for New Bedford.

BUT times had altered, and the mining engineers in waiting didn't know it.

Many a night, after making an inventory of their none-too-rosy prospects, they would slide easily back into the jovial past, live again their undergraduate days, and wish—wish that they could do something truly fine for the "old coll."

The opportunity presented itself—or himself—on Thanksgiving Day. There was an institution of higher learning

at Albuquerque, to which the grads referred disdainfully as a "brain corral." Every year, in the fashion that long since had been discarded in the East, Thanksgiving was profaned by a football game played between the varsity at Albuquerque and what was called the All-New-Mexico eleven.

The grads were at the game this year of our recital, a little toplofty, as befitted the sons of one of the oldest colleges in America, but prepared to give temperate support to the varsity. Home pride dictated this allegiance. Besides, the contest was looked upon as an unfair struggle between amateurs and professionals. There was not a man on the All-Mex. team who was not playing for a share of the "gate." And the most gifted player of the visitors was a professional ball player from Deming—a half-breed Indian whose name was Arrowsmith.

The two grads remained loyal to the varsity until the teams lined up and the ball was kicked off, landing in the arms of Arrowsmith.

Quick as a hundred-yard man, the Indian was off down the field, the pigskin tucked securely under one arm, the other free to ward off attack. His teammates endeavored to interfere for him, but he was too fast for them. Through the opposing varsity he

squirmed like a snake—like old "Snake" Ames of Princeton, declared the grads. Before anyone realized it, Arrowsmith got by the last man who barred his progress and planted the ball between the goal posts! Forgetting their good intentions to root for the home team, the two grads let loose their lungs in old-time abandon. It was unfettered acclaim for a worthy warrior of the gridiron.

After this the game was nothing but a procession up and down the field, as they expressed it, with Arrowsmith "leading the grand march." Just to humor the cunning of his toe, the Indian kicked two field goals and one goal from placement. Several times, when he punted, the ball cleared the varsity goal line. No wonder the two grads left the ball grounds enthusiastic about the red man.

"Most wonderful back I ever saw, bar none," declared the ex-end rush.

"Runs back kicks better'n Fultz of Brown," declared the ex-quarter back.

"And bucks the line harder'n that Carlisle Indian—Pierce, wasn't it?"

"Yes—he can drop-kick with Bernie Trafford of Harvard."

"Wouldn't you like to see him playing against Harvard for the old coll?"

"Wouldn't I," agreed the one-time All-America quarter back.

THERE was a long silence that night after they had played the game over—the afternoon's contest and a game or two in which they had starred at college. All at once the ex-end rush jumped up so suddenly from the bed that he spilled the fire of his pipe and ignited the blanket. A pitcher of water extinguished the blaze. Then the fireman explained:

"I've got one great idea."

"Let me in on it," begged the ex-quarter.

"S'pose we send Arrowsmith to college—to the old coll, just to show that we haven't forgotten 'em."

"To college! What you been packing in that pipe?"

"It's no dream—listen: Do you know why the old coll was founded?"

The former quarter back pleaded guilty of ignorance.

"Thought not. It was founded to educate Indians!"

"Indians? Come off. There weren't any there when we were—leastways, not real Indians."

"I know—just 'white' Indians." The former end rush loaded his pipe. "But there were once on a time," he added, "nothing but Indians. Do you know—that's why they started the college, way back. But when the supply of Indians gave out—red men trekked West—they had to take whites or shut up shop."

"Aw, come off—where'd you get that?"

"Heard Prexie telling it to entertain my pater. Dad goes to Mohonk every year to save the Injun and get rid of his gout."

"But what's that got to do with Arrowsmith?" asked the practical man who had directed the team.

"Everything. The Indians left—and left behind the endowment. Boy, there's a slashing big fund, multiplying itself at compound interest, just waiting to educate Indians. True as you're smoking there."

"For scholarships—nothing else, I'll bet."

"Not on your daguerreotype! Schooling, board, room, laundry—probably even smoking tobacco. All we got to do is land Arrowsmith on the campus. The old coll does the rest. It's a cinch."

"Course you don't see any trouble ahead getting the Indian to join the enterprise?"

"No, I don't, Wisely Worldman. I know the Indian—collectively and by his lonesome—vain as a covey of peacocks. I'll paint him a swell picture of the Harvard Stadium, with row upon row of admiring dames and envious white men—and Arrowsmith the cynosure of every durn lamp. Will he rise to the bait? Watch him! I can see him now, in the buff-and-blue stockings of the old coll, streaking like an Indian legend for the Harvard goal line!"

But the one-time quarter back looked troubled. "You said, didn't you, we'd have to deliver him, charges paid, on the campus?"

"Sure."

"Well, I never heard of a railroad's giving credit—hanging up a ticket from here to the old coll."

The ex-end rush smiled indulgently. "All that figured out—almost. The other day had a fair offer for my double-barreled hammerless."

"You wouldn't sell the shotgun your dad gave you when you managed to haul down your A. B.?"

"Yes, I would—to uplift the red man. The pater would approve of that."

The man who had given the signals bowed approval. After a moment he spoke: "I had a chance to get rid of the diamond ring my uncle left me in his will."

"That's different," opined the end rush of another era. "Some day you could turn it into a flashy engagement ring."

"Rot!" answered the ex-quarter back. "If you can sell your gun, guess I can part with my sparkler."

"Done!—it's a bargain!"

Although he did not realize it, Arrowsmith was all but matriculated in the ancient and honorable institution of the East. The red man was to be restored to his own.

SEPTEMBER of the following year, when college opened, the "Buff and Blue" proclaimed the

RETURN OF THE RED MAN

Not only was the most interesting member of the freshman class an Indian—the first to make his home on the campus in half a century—but the return of the red man to the institution originally founded for his sole benefit was indeed a remarkable event in the later history of the college. If inclined to be jocular, which the "Buff and Blue" was not, it might be referred to as a red-letter day in the career of the ancient seat of learning. But the occasion was too big for facetiousness.

Then followed a circumstantial account of the coming of John Wilson—for that was the name of the Indian.

He had arrived unheralded, bearing the certificate of a school on the Taos Reservation in New Mexico, a school whose standards were sufficiently

high to admit Wilson into full standing in the freshman class of the college.

At first he had been loath to talk, but finally he had unleashed his tongue and told how two famous graduates of the college, star athletes in their day and now notably successful mining engineers at Albuquerque, had encouraged him to seek a collegiate training and had helped him to find the means to pay his way East. The father of one of the graduates had long been studying the Indian problem, which accounted, perhaps in part, for the son's unselfish interest.

Here, according to newspaper practice, was inserted a complimentary reference to the former end rush and to the one-time All-America quarter back, with their athletic records and this tribute:

"Far from the college halls though they found themselves, their hearts beat with true and loving devotion for their alma mater, and they sought her welfare in mining camp as other graduates do in the great cities nearer the campus. It is such loyalty that insures the future of the college—in truth, the future of the race."

EITHER the sophomore who wrote the story or the senior who edited it was sufficiently canny not to raise the question of the Indian's eligibility from an athletic standpoint.

"Whether John Wilson will try for any of the athletic teams," concluded the story, "is a matter which

he has not determined as yet. For the present his entire attention is concentrated on his college work. He is studious to a degree not often found in the red man."

Professor Simeon Furness, head of the Greek department—"Zeus, Junior," to the undergraduates—read this story over twice from two different angles. First, he read it from the standpoint of the anthropologist, interested in the physical facts concerning man. Second, and more carefully, he read it as the faculty member of the Athletic Council. It was the time of year when "ringers" were put over on the unwatchful college authorities. It was the season of the most detestable of college sports—football.

After his Sabbatical year spent in Athens, Professor Furness had won the hearts of the alumni by his compelling address at the New York alumni banquet. He had pictured most vividly the finish of the Marathon runner, winner of the classic event; and following the enthusiasm aroused by his oratorical effort, had raised an unbelievable amount of money for the new athletic field. As a reward he was urged upon the president of the college for appointment as faculty member of the Athletic Council.

The Professor of Greek was duly appointed. Too late the student body awoke to the bitter truth that Zeus, Junior, was bitterly opposed to football. Track athletics, of course—"they were the modern Olympian games." Baseball, yes—for it "originated," he claimed with the Greeks, "who played ball to gain grace and elasticity in the human figure." But football!—"that was from the barbarian world."

So Professor Furness did everything in his power to hamstring football. And the surest means to this end was to scrutinize material for the football eleven with the utmost care, rejecting every candidate who was found to have the slightest taint of professionalism.

"When Furness gets through purifying the football squad," growled the head coach, "what's left won't be fit to play bean bag."

THE faculty member of the Athletic Council was suspicious of John Wilson from the very first, probably because the Indian was a husky giant, who looked as if he had swallowed and digested a football in early adolescence. On the second afternoon of the term Professor Furness strolled over to the athletic field and watched the practice. He hadn't been there long before the Indian appeared, wearing the football togs of the scrubs. The red man stood well over six feet. His weight was certainly two hundred or more, and yet his height, his broad shoulders—broader than his hips—his long, muscular, but not muscle-bound, legs took care of this "beef" and made it appear thirty pounds less. He looped rather than walked, and there was a surety about his gait and a decisiveness in every movement of his body that marked him as

(Continued on page 27)



Any football coach would have shed tears of joy at his first appearance



"I've got one great idea. S'pose we send Arrowsmith to college—to the old coll, just to show that we haven't forgotten 'em"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Rehearsing the Playgoer

THE Drama Society of New York is the practical working out of an idea toward which intelligent playgoers have been groping for a generation, and hitherto with no tangible result. The society has been in existence less than a year, yet a plain statement of what it has accomplished will show, I think, that it is destined to exert a decisive power for good, not only in the producing metropolis but in every week stand and one-night stand of the country.

What is this idea? Let us briefly trace its origin. A generation ago, when the company of the Théâtre Français presented the chief plays of its repertory in London, Matthew Arnold proposed that England also should have its national theatre. "The theatre is irresistible," he wrote; "organize the theatre!" Since then the demand for an established repertory company has been persistent, powerful—and, if the truth be told, futile. In certain smaller cities, to be sure, such as Dublin and Manchester, Philadelphia, Boston, and Milwaukee, artistic theatres have been founded and are doing laudable work of a kind; but they are not national theatres, nor repertory theatres in any real sense of the word. In metropolitan cities the movement has always ended in failure. Two attempts, full of promise, have been made in London, and both died the death of the good. The New Theatre in Chicago closed its doors at the end of one season to a loss of two or three hundred thousand. A few years later The New Theatre of New York departed this life with a loss of three or four million. Our theatre may or may not be "irresistible"; but it has certainly resisted every effort to "organize" it on any adequate scale.

The reason is obvious enough—now. In a provincial capital an art theatre has very little competition. Such commercial productions as come to it are generally of an inferior quality; and in any case many of the more ardent playgoers have already seen them in the metropolis. In both novelty and quality the local art theatre is at a distinct advantage. In a national producing center an art theatre finds a very different situation. Manager, actor, and playwright all have in the commercial theatre a field for their energies which is not only more lucrative but which on the whole gives scope to a wider and more powerful expression of their individuality.

The Audience Is the Thing

YET even in the metropolis conditions are still very far from satisfactory. For a variety of reasons, to which I shall recur, the local New York public, and especially the intelligent public, has ceased to take an active interest in the theatre. Every year productions of rare artistic value fall for the mere lack of any means of bringing them speedily to the attention of people capable of appreciating them. And the loss is not merely the loss of one city. A capricious fate has decreed that what dies on Broadway is dead to the world. One case is typical. "The Yellow Jacket" is generally conceded to be the most original and artistically delightful production of the past decade. The newspapers praised it highly, and of those playgoers who saw it a goodly proportion lauded it to the skies. An enthusiastic manager stood loyally behind it, and ardent souls proclaimed loudly that by every right it should be a great success. Yet the audiences were pitifully small, and when it went on the road the reputation of its failure preceded it. To-day there are thousands who lament that they missed it; there are tens of thousands who, if they had seen it, would cherish the memory among the most precious of a lifetime of playgoing. Yet if it were put on again its fate would doubtless be the same, or worse. The current of life in New York has set too strongly away from the theatre.

In the world of the drama only one thing is irresistible—an audience. The New Theatre spent millions upon its splendid house, its gorgeous productions, its high-priced company; and it remained as empty as an iridescent bubble—which it was. "I have a pipe and a match," an enthusiast once remarked, "and I'm all ready for a smoke, if any man has the trifle of tobacco." The Drama Society is not less enthusiastic; but it has learned that the business end of a smoke is tobacco. And so it has reversed the old slogan: "An audience is irresistible," it cries; "organize an audience."

The idea is not, strictly speaking, new. Over a decade

By John Corbin



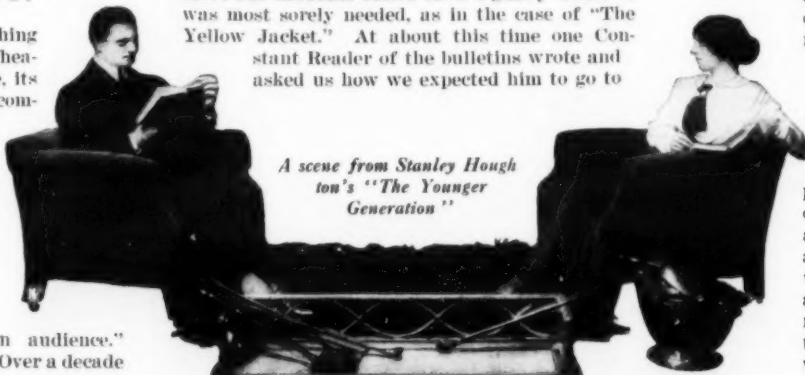
A scene in Act III of "The Yellow Jacket"

ago Charles Sprague Smith, president of the People's Institute, hit upon it, largely by chance. He established a Drama Committee, of which I had the honor of being a member; and when we found a production of any special distinction we issued bulletins and made arrangements by which members of the institute and teachers and pupils in the public schools were admitted at reduced prices. But our methods were imperfect and opened the way to many abuses. Professor Sprague Smith was coping with these when he died. Bereft of his stimulating leadership, the committee went out of existence.

Meantime he had made his discovery. The immediate attendance of large numbers of people, even at greatly reduced rates, is of inestimable value to manager and to playwright. When it is intelligently directed it is of equal advantage to dramatic art. Somewhat to the surprise of our committee, several good plays which would otherwise have failed were tided over to great financial and artistic success. One of us, Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, formed a Drama Committee in the McDowell Club of New York, the aim of which was to provide an immediate audience for good plays. The idea was taken up in Chicago, or rather in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago; and the result was the Drama League of America, which now has large and active organizations in most of the leading cities of the country.

The Ticket Speculator's Fault

ONE feature of Professor Sprague Smith's plan, however, the committee of the McDowell Club, and after it the Drama League, discarded. Offended by altercations which arose over the sale of tickets at reduced rates, the majority steadfastly refused to have any business dealings with the managers. The plan which Professor Sprague Smith was hopefully revising they abandoned. To some of us the result seemed unfortunate. We issued bulletins urging attendance, but it did not appear that any considerable proportion of those who read the bulletins took our advice. It was a humiliating fact, but it had to be faced. When told where and when to go to the theatre, New Yorkers simply wouldn't mind. In a number of cases our influence failed most signally where it was most sorely needed, as in the case of "The Yellow Jacket." At about this time one Constant Reader of the bulletins wrote and asked us how we expected him to go to



A scene from Stanley Houghton's "The Younger Generation"



the plays, when, in four cases out of five, all the best seats could only be had at the speculative ticket agencies? Was he to submit to extortion? Or was he to confine his playgoing to the dismal failures? To some of us the questions betrayed a lamentable lack of appreciation for our efforts. To others it seemed amazingly sane and pertinent. If we could secure for our subscribers the long obsolete privilege of buying the best seats for the best plays at the box-office price, why, perhaps they would be grateful and let us advise them, more or less, when and where to go! We made a careful study of the situation and found that, by a simple business arrangement, we could gain our own ends and at the same time help the managers to solve not one but a number of the distressing problems of their most distressing business.

How to Win the Public to the Theatre

WHY has the intelligent local public in New York all but abandoned the theatre? In the most favorable season there are not more than fifteen or twenty plays produced which are worth its time and attention; yet there are upward of forty houses in New York, each one of which offers three to five new productions yearly. The ratio of plays worth while is not more than one in eight. It is small wonder that the public, which used to gather to the support of Wallack, Palmer, Augustin Daly, and Daniel Frohman's old Lyceum company has become, so to speak, gun shy. Even the most ardent lover of the drama will not risk an evening's leisure until he is assured, by the report of friends who have seen the production, and by the length of its run, that he is not squandering money and time. But it is a slow game, playing follow the leader when nobody is willing to lead; and meantime the rent of the theatre, the salaries of company and staff, and the cost of advertising mount up to enormous figures. The weekly expenses of the common run of productions come to from six to eight thousand dollars. Many a play has run an entire season on Broadway, and to very considerable audiences, without netting one dollar of real profit.

The hotel ticket agencies offered an obstacle equally formidable. The system has grown up in response to the needs of the enormous number of transients in New York—people who are on excursions of business, shopping, or pleasure, and who gladly pay increased prices to get good seats during the brief period of their stay. When a play has the least reputation of success, all the best seats go to the agencies; and so for years the local public has got the far end of the stick.

The crying need, in short, was some means by which the local public could be won back to the theatre, and, especially, could be made to attend, as they used to attend, during the first weeks of the run. There is an old saying that no business is good business which is not good for both parties. Favors from the managers we would not and could not ask; but an arrangement so obviously of advantage to all we regarded as in the highest degree advisable.

The idea was the origin of the Drama Society; and even from this brief summary it must be evident that in spirit, if not in methods, it is a reversion to the ideas of Charles Sprague Smith.

Floating the Drama Society

SUCH an organization as we proposed clearly could be effected only at the expense of considerable time and money. What we needed was subscribers—not hundreds but thousands of them; and they could be secured only by publicity, which is a very costly art. Fortunately the spirit of devotion to the drama had not died with The New Theatre; and the Drama Society was financed and managed by a group of people not a few of whom had been members of its board of founders and executive staff. As the People's Institute had found its natural field among playgoers from the East Side, so we addressed ourselves, in the first instance, to people of means.

We could not, of course, undertake to provide the denizens of Fifth Avenue with orchestra seats at reduced prices; from all points of view that would have been absurd. But there was a service which we could offer of far greater value. By attending first nights our playgoing committee could render immediate and impartial judgment as to what productions were worth intelligent consideration, thus sav-

ing many an evening which would otherwise be wasted; and by reserving seats from the outset we could relieve our subscribers from the trouble and vexation of competing at the hotel agencies with the transient spender. Specifically, what we proposed was to supply the best seats, for the best plays only, at the box-office price; and the chief concession we asked from our subscribers was that they should attend ten of these yearly during the first four or five weeks of the run. Within the assigned period they might choose whatever performance they found most convenient.

To maintain our organization, we found, would cost eight or nine thousand dollars a year. Half of this was contributed voluntarily by our executive committee. The subscribers contributed a small sum each—their only payment in excess of the box-office price of their tickets. For the rest we received a small commission from the managers for each ticket sold.

Cordial Help by the Managers

THE alacrity with which the managers welcomed this arrangement was rather surprising—until we reflected that they are very able business men. "The only advertising that counts nowadays," said one, "is the word of mouth of people who have seen the show." He added that the small reduction made to our members lasted only a month, whereas they could be relied on to discuss the play with all comers throughout the run. Said another: "Why, it works on the principle of a snowball rolling down hill: it isn't much to start with, but at the end of the run it's as big as a house!" The manager of one theatre proved skeptical; but not so the press agent. "Let us suppose," said the artist in publicity, "that I could get a well-dressed person to go up and down Fifth Avenue talking about our show as long as it lasts. Wouldn't you let me pay him twenty-five cents for doing it?" That settled the matter.

The same reasoning, as it happens, applies also to the ticket agency. Its chief profit is made on productions that are signally successful; and any influence that tends to increase the number of these, or to hasten the time when they begin to "sell out," tends in the same proportion to the agent's advantage. To the local public the society may, in this respect, prove a slight disadvantage—excepting, of course, to those who are members! But to the cause of the better order of plays it is an unmixed good.

The ultimate purpose is to make the society as large as possible; but for the first year it was thought wise strictly to limit its numbers. In our office we were confronted with the installment of a complicated system, recording the receipt of thousands of orders and the dispatching of thousands of tickets; and our clerical force was of necessity new to the work. In the case of each successive play, furthermore, we had to deal with a new producing manager and a new box office—who had one and all to be initiated into the working of a wholly novel scheme of sales. We therefore limited the number of subscriptions to one thousand, an average of thirty tickets sold for each performance of our month and a total of ten thousand for the year. At the present writing our committee have attended forty first nights, and have listed five of the ten productions which our members are expected to attend. No more serious difficulty has been encountered than that already mentioned; on the contrary, we have received, on the whole, the most cordial cooperation. Our books have been opened for further subscriptions during the current season, and in another year the society will be greatly enlarged.

Over 90 Per Cent See the Plays

ONE vital question remained—to what extent members would actually attend plays for which we secured tickets and sent out bulletins. The subscriptions were made last April; and meantime many people have changed their plans—have decided to winter abroad or on their country places; have fallen ill or gone into mourning. Not a few had already seen certain of the plays in London. Yet the actual

attendance of the society has averaged over 90 per cent of its active membership.

It was expected that a large number would balk at obeying the mandates of even the best intentioned committee. One member refused to go to "The Great Adventure"—Arnold Bennett's stage version of "Buried Alive"—because it was a dramatized novel; and he was quite unmoved on being reminded that "As You Like It" and "Hamlet" fall into the same category.

How the Scheme Works

WHEN the personality of a star enters into the problem, prejudice becomes acute and the grounds most contradictory. Some object to a star because he is "always himself"; yet when he attempts an impersonation there is an equally spirited objection. One matinee matron some years ago expressed herself in a dictum that will not soon be forgotten. "A waiter with a beard," she said, "ain't the sort of thing I pay two dollars to see John Drew as." Yet—owing, as it seems, to the fact that our appeal is made to people of intelligence—the proportion of such objectors is small, averaging, in point of fact, less than one-half of one per cent. The spirit of reason is abetted, no doubt, by the fact that a member may pass by several productions yearly and still pay no more for the remaining productions than the same tickets would cost at the agencies.

Other advantages are becoming equally obvious. Newspaper criticisms are of necessity written very largely from the point of view of the man in the street. That is, of course, quite natural and right. Our judgment is made in behalf of a more special public on the grounds of dramatic art; and our members have been quick to appreciate the advantage of having our committee endure eighty new productions in order to select ten found worthy of their consideration.

Cyril Maude as Grumpy, in the play of that title



The result is, of course, precisely what we are after—an increase in the number of those who go to intelligent plays. In many cases that have come to our knowledge, people who had given up the theatre as too problematic an expense of time and money are attending the Drama Society productions with great regularity and enthusiasm. This is especially true of people who live in the environs of New York. To secure tickets used to involve, in addition to the annoyance of the agencies, a special trip to town. Through the Drama Society they are able to secure the best seats by merely filling out and mailing a blank card; and if they change their plans they are generally able to change their tickets to suit, all by mail or telephone.

"What the Public Wants"

IN ADDITION to its regular members subscribing for seats on the forward part of the floor, it has associate members, who, in return for one dollar yearly, receive bulletins telling them what plays are available, and a book of coupons, each coupon representing one of the plays for which a member is entitled to seats at a reduced rate. The cover of the book bears his signature, identifying him as a member; and when he buys tickets he jots down the amount of the reduction and signs the coupon. By this means he gets a reduction of fifty cents on balcony seats (one-quarter to one-third) and a reduction of twenty-five cents on gallery seats, or one-half.

Associate membership has been offered to teachers in the public schools, to trained

nurses, to members of welfare organizations in department stores, and the like. Many managers regard this arrangement as of even greater advantage than the regular membership. Certainly this much is accomplished: that when a play is put on the list of the Drama Society it commands the attendance of intelligent people from all classes of the local public.

If the society continues as it has begun, it will be able in the near future to safeguard any play on its list against financial loss, and greatly to increase the profits of all of them. Hitherto a play has been at a disadvantage in proportion as it appealed to the public of special intelligence. The wages of distinction was extinction. When the audience of art-loving playgoers is assembled, the manager and the playwright who devote themselves to the better order of play will be assured of a reward which will enable them to continue their activities.

"What the public wants" has spelled something of which the common denominator of intelligence was low enough. The popular demand was for gross fare, and the demand was irresistible. Art, when it appeared, was an incident, a by-product. But the intelligent public has only to organize to make its demands equally felt. Art will become a staple.

Who Are the Judges?

WHAT, precisely, are the standards of the society? The answer can be given, in part, by describing the make-up of its playgoing committee. Two are professional critics, long accustomed to judge plays from the point of view of the newspaper and magazine public. Several are social leaders in the better sense of the term—women actively engaged in a variety of projects for civic advancement. The tired business man, unlike the hobbyhorse of our elder stage to which Hamlet refers, is not "forgot"—nor yet, as some one has remarked, his rubber-tired wife. Above all things, the society wishes to remember that the drama is essentially a popular art, and to prevent the dominance of any clique or cult. Too often movements of the kind have been wrecked by an effort to foist upon the public plays which, however interesting artistically, are exotic and bizarre.

A more specific idea of the standards of the committee may be had in a review of the five productions already placed on the season's list of ten plays which are now touring the country or about to do so.

The first was a double bill at the Lyceum Theatre. The longer piece was a comedy in three acts, "The Younger Generation," by the late Stanley Houghton. The theme is much the same as that with which, in "Hindle Wakes," Mr. Houghton developed dramatic moments so fresh and stirring and moral implications so questionable. In the present play the revolt of youth is treated in a spirit of scant respect for the passing generation; yet the whole is carried so lightly, and with such abundant appeal to the spirit of intelligent laughter, as quite to disarm criticism. The feature of the bill is Barrie's one-act play, "Half an Hour." It is a portrayal, so to speak, of the economic dependence of the leisure-class woman. The heroine, who has married a brutal vulgarian for his money, leaves him for a young man of her own world; but, as they are about to flee together, he is killed in an accident, and she is left—penniless. Her husband is not as yet aware of her flight; and, in a scene of breathless suspense, she returns to his house, manages to gloss over the situation, takes up her old life of humiliating dependence, and dons an evening gown in time to go in to dinner with his guests. The little play has extraordinary dramatic concentration and intensity; and it is conceived in a mood of ironic tragedy, tinged with bitterness, which is in sharp contrast with the

whimsical humor and gentle sentiment of Barrie's familiar vein.

The second play was also high comedy, "The Great Adventure." Mr. Bennett refashions his novel with a free hand, and the result is that the play gains not only in the power of provoking laughter but in satirical subtlety and point. The theme of the satire—the Philistinism of the Anglo-Saxon in matters of art—is by no means new; but it has nowhere been handled with a more masterly touch. The contrast between the high-strung, erratic artist and



From "General John Regan"

(Concluded on page 25)

A Parliament of Hungry

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

*I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should get,
An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome an' out of the wet,
But the Word of the Lord were lain on me, an' I done what I was set.*

So runs a verse of Kipling's in "Mulholland's Contract."

I FOUND this parliament of hungry in the basement of a church in Chicago at seven o'clock in the morning. Eight hundred jobless men were there asking questions. A United States Senator was there trying to answer them, and the man I am going to write about was also there, presiding over the parliament and answering their empty stomachs.

Unlike Kipling's Mulholland, this man does "preach Religion, handsome an' out of the wet," but it isn't that part of his preaching that makes him news to us. That we care about him so much as the turn of a paragraph is because his life has not gone as he wished, because battles have been fought and surrenders made, so that he, too, can say:

... "an' I done what I was set."

His church is large and well to do. It is located at one of the crossroads of the world.

In its pulpit Johnston Myers breaks the bread of faith. In the basement he breaks the bread from a bakery—five hundred loaves a day.

If you are tired
COME IN AND REST.

If you are troubled
COME IN AND PRAY.

If you are friendless
COME IN AND MEET FRIENDS.

So reads a sign painted in gold letters on black and posted on the front of the building.

What do you think of that for a challenge of the church to its critics?—and flung out boldly in the middle of one of the densest populations in the world! Surely, it makes us want to hurry on into the basement where the parliament of hungry is already in session. The room is huge and square. It is full of men. The man is stocky, short-coated, full-faced, and full-domed. He is walking about and talking on a low platform at the back center, and the place is full of the crisp personality of this one man, though also crowded by the somewhat scrambled souls and more or less disheveled persons of eight hundred other men. Dr. Myers has been up since five o'clock. He does not eat breakfast with his family from September to May. He has been in the church since six at the latest. He has become an accomplished hotel steward. He has seen ninety gallons of coffee preparing; he has seen five hundred loaves of bread cut into thick, generous slices; he has seen that the tables are set with knives and spoons and an abundance of sugar and butterine. We are standing beside the doctor upon this platform, which is the quarter-deck of this good ship of hope and cheer. Upon our right tables are set for exactly one hundred men; in front and to the left are rows and blocks of chairs; beyond the tables to the right and beyond the chairs to the left is much standing room. The broad stairway sucks the men off the street like an eddy and they come flowing down the stairs in a steady stream, but moving with what seems an excess of orderliness. They do not tiptoe nor yet shuffle, but walk quietly and with respectful glances toward the man on the platform. It is quite clear that he exercises a peculiar ascendancy over them. The chairs, except at the tables, soon fill—and all vacant spaces become packed with standing men, silent, motionless, respectful—all eyes—and appetite!

The Needs of the Needy

THERE is a sense of order and discipline. The personal appearance is much better than one would expect of men who are seeking a free breakfast. Some of them have had a clean shave. They look in the main like self-respecting manual laborers. Here and there the skilled mechanic may be picked out; and quite a number are evidently of the clerical or small salesman class. Many have

fine heads and good faces. Some are scrupulously neat in the small detail of dress. The collar may be soiled or the tie frayed, but each is carefully adjusted, and the hair fastidiously combed.

What we have before us is just six or eight hundred ordinary males of the species who are down on their luck, some, perhaps, habitually so, but more only temporarily. They are of every class and kind—but with the foreign element small, I should say. Breakfastlessness is the common denominator. Each is here because of the reproaches of an empty stomach.

I spoke of the preternatural quietness.

"I insist upon it," said Dr. Myers, with a little snap of the eye that makes one realize that what he insists upon he gets. "You see, it is better for the men, they like it that way; noise irritates them; this silence is soothing to their nerves. Did you ever sit up all night in a railroad train? Do you remember how mean and irritable you felt? Well, that's the way with these men. Some of them have lain on hard floors, some have slept in stables and lumberyards and box cars. They are worried and anxious about getting a job, and this quiet, this orderliness, accompanied sometimes by the soft strumming of the piano, all has a good effect upon their nerves."

A Steward and His Stewardship

WISE, considerate, common-sense man—this Rev. Johnston Myers, who, something against his will, as we shall later see, has done what he was set to do.

Quite evidently this is not the familiar bread-line dispensation. They are fed, but as men and not as animals. Food for thought is provided. The cockles of hope are warmed. Self-respect is bolstered. They are met face to face as upstanding men, and not as discounted creatures whom society has somehow disre-

like a chute at the stockyards. Immediately before the doctor yawn the six or eight rows of empty chairs just vacated by those who have passed to the tables. You would think it natural to pass some of the standing men into these seats. But no—not at all.

The square deal—the game of life played fair—first come, first served—order—discipline—self-control—these are the constitutional elements in this parliament.

The Parliament in Session

AT THE word of command from the doctor every seated man advances by a plan of progression, till the first-rank chairs are filled and the first rank of standing men have filled the rear ranks of chairs. By this plan every man receives his meal in the order in which he comes to the hall; the monotony of waiting is broken and an actual sense of getting somewhere is instilled in a discouraged breast by the regularity and sureness of progression toward that steaming cup for which the man may have walked five miles and waited longingly many hours.

Every ten or twelve minutes the tables were emptied and refilled, both with food and diners. The fed were at liberty to retire, but I noticed many of them, like Mary's lamb, lingered patiently about, as if hanging upon the words of Dr. Myers, for while the men ate in relays of one hundred, he continued to speak. This, indeed, was one of the secrets of the relay method. The men get this food spiced with much good flow of talk from the well-filled mind of a man who, out of long experience, knows much that it is well to say.

What was said was not preaching—in the popular sense—not goody-goody, sweet-by-and-by talk—and there was no discussion of the social philosophies either. In fact, when it comes to social theories, Dr. Myers might be regarded as a bit old-fashioned. He talked to these men in a fatherly sort of way. He counseled honesty, and he counseled virtue.

"Most of you know why you are here," he said. "I don't. You think it over. You work it out. Get yourselves right on the inside. A job and good clothes will follow that unfailingly." He lays much stress on kindness and the value to the individual of feeling kindly toward every other individual. He throws this in frequently almost as if resorting to the suggestion method of the hypnotist. "Everybody here is feeling kindly now," he will keep saying. "We feel kindly toward everybody, toward the church, and toward society, and toward the Government. We know why we are here and we are thankful for this opportunity for a little rest and a little food, and we are going to lift ourselves up into the place in society to which we belong and of which we are going to show ourselves worthy." And Dr. Myers not only talks to these men sanely and of his best, but he brings others to address them, and not just garrulous talk-easies, either. Frequently they are men of business or professional note, whose names the breakfastless ones know very well from the newspapers. Such a near view of forceful personalities is in itself both stimulating and educative. It incites thought, kindles ambition, and gives the soul a push.

The morning of my visit United States Senator Sherman of Illinois was to make the special address, and the men were allowed to supply the text of his utterances by asking questions. Some of these were exceedingly pertinent. They will reflect more than any telling the character of the men.

"Cannot the Government do something to protect these migratory birds of labor?"—yes, it was his own phrase—"as they go about the country?" asked one. He elaborated his query, speaking of the requirement of a vast amount of unskilled labor for short terms of employment, to do the winter logging, to harvest the autumn grain, to build the railroads and the bridges and dig the canals; he told how it was necessary for the good of the country that these workers should move from place to place, and complained that they were often confused with the tramp and hampered or hounded by the peace officers throughout the country. He wanted to know if the Government could not find it to its interest to transport these men free or at a very low rate from one place of work to another and guarantee them some sort of protection as they traveled, whether it transported them or not.

"Some of our brothers," (Continued on page 26)



The men get this food spiced with much good flow of talk from the well-filled mind of a man who knows much that it is well to say

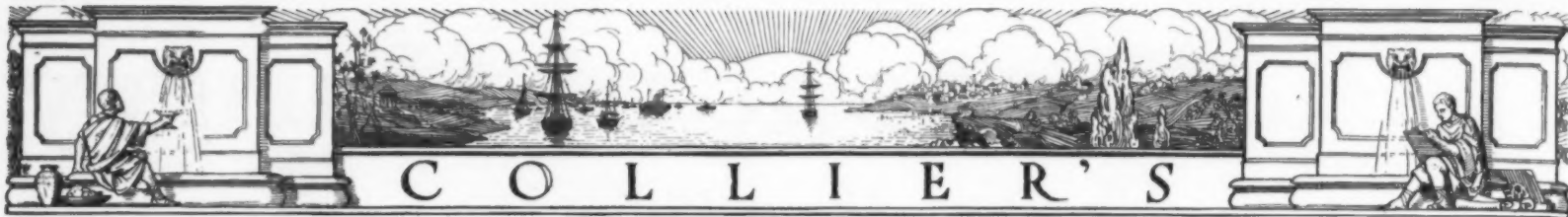
garded or misplaced. The very method of securing breakfast is turned into a little drill that teaches habits of discipline and self-respect. They may sit down to take this food not merely like men, but like gentlemen.

Helpers were now laying down the bread at every place and filling the coffee cups. At a word from Dr. Myers men begin to rise from the seats in front and file in to the tables.

"Walk quietly!" commands the master of the parliament. "Stand straight—no shuffling—don't hit the tables—you know what that means without my telling you—sometimes a man will lurch against a table and away goes all the coffee!"

These words are not spoken autocritically, but as if in a spirit of camaraderie—and so they were received, good-humoredly, but with careful heed.

While these men are being seated, not another foot has shifted throughout the hall, though the broad stairway is packing with the steady inflow from the street,



How Poor Is Alaska?

JUST HOW POOR IS ALASKA? That question is pertinent in view of the Senate's passage of the Chamberlain Bill, and it is put to us by S. E. WHITING of Cambridge, Mass. "Since you advocate Government ownership of Alaskan railways," he writes, "it would be appropriate for you to answer the inclosed editorial that recently appeared in the Boston 'Herald.'" Let us instead print part of the editorial opposite certain passages from the report of Mr. LANE, Secretary of the Interior:

THE BOSTON "HERALD"

The Chamberlain Railroad Bill . . . provides for some 700 miles of track, at a cost of \$35,000,000, to run from the ports of Valdez or Cordova to Fairbanks, Alaska. . . . Excepting the comparatively small strip of land warmed by the Japan current . . . Alaska represents a desolate country, the attempt to resuscitate which is as hopeless as pouring gold dollars into the shaft of one of its abandoned gold mines. . . . Fairbanks, the largest and most imposing city of northern Alaska, and the terminal of the proposed railroad, fifteen years ago had 18,000 inhabitants. Last summer there were but 5,000 and their number will be halved during the winter. . . . The reason is on the surface. Alaska presents no agricultural possibilities whatever. . . . The "natural resources" are a joke. . . . Manufacturing is out of the question. . . . The Chamberlain Bill is merely another attempt to mulct poor UNCLE SAM . . . and those who unselfishly support the measure do it only through ignorance based on maudlin patriotism and misguided sentimentality.

Now, of course, the Boston "Herald" may have better information on this subject than the Secretary of the Interior.

SECRETARY LANE

For almost a generation it was the rich harvest field of a single company. Individual fortunes have been made in that country larger than the price paid to Russia for the whole territory. How rich its waters are we know; . . . how rich its lands are in gold and copper, coal and oil, iron and zinc, no one knows. . . . However, no other section of our land to-day makes so rich a promise. And in agriculture the Government itself has demonstrated that it will produce all that can be raised in the Scandinavian countries. . . . It has been estimated that there are 50,000,000 acres of this land that will make homes. . . . There are almost unlimited quantities of a high-grade lignite in the interior which may not stand extended storage or transportation. This could be converted into electricity at the mouth of the mines and widely distributed for lighting, heating, and power. . . . There are two well-known fields of a high-grade bituminous coal and some anthracite. These are the fields which have given rise to the troubles with which all are familiar.

mention it here, but we recall the statement of the superintendent of the Alaskan reindeer herds that these interesting animals have increased from a thousand or so twenty years ago to over thirty-five thousand; that reindeer meat and hides will soon be exported to the States, and that the supposedly worthless tundra of Alaska can furnish pasture for ten million reindeer. Maybe there are other resources of which our standpat friends are temporarily oblivious. A privately owned railway would find lots of them.

Acquired Wisdom

EX-SENATOR DEPEW is a good sport. At a Republican Club dinner in New York, on the night of January 24, he said:

I have seen the country go to the devil several times—but it always came out a little better.

It Makes a Difference

THE CHARLOTTE (N. C.) "NEWS AND OBSERVER" and the Concord (N. C.) "Daily Tribune" invite us to join them in commending the work of Senator SIMMONS of North Carolina as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate in charge of the recent tariff bill. Mr. SIMMONS was a member of the Senate when the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill was passed in 1909. At that time he gave material help to the Republicans in keeping a high tariff on lumber and voted with ALDRICH on many other schedules. In addition, he was a friend of HINES and LORIMER, and voted for LORIMER's retention in the Senate. For these acts he was naturally under suspicion in his capacity of Democratic leader in the late tariff session. Our North Carolina contemporary now points out that the New York "World" and the Baltimore "Sun" have forgiven the North Carolina Senator, and says:

If the "Review of Reviews" and COLLIER'S will follow the "Sun" and come around to Senator SIMMONS the thing will be about unanimous.

In this demand for commendation the North Carolina papers are joined by the "Times" of Shreveport, La.:

It will be recalled that Senator SIMMONS was called a pronounced reactionary and a near Republican. The Democrats of North Carolina were told that he couldn't be trusted, that he was in league with special privilege and that in the matter of the tariff in particular he would be found siding with the beneficiaries of the protective principle. COLLIER'S WEEKLY and MARK SULLIVAN were especially prominent in the effort to retire SIMMONS to private life, waging a relentless warfare upon him up to the time when the people of North Carolina, turning deaf ears to their appeals, returned Senator SIMMONS to his seat in the Upper House of Congress. In view of Senator SIMMONS's record as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, which had the handling of the tariff bill after it left the House, COLLIER'S owes him an apology.

We are entirely content to record the fact of Senator SIMMONS's return to the fold, but we think we will let him abide in the faith a little longer before we join in any canonization. Our test of a Democrat and tariff reformer is not what he does when there is a real Democrat in the White House backed by a thorough-going public sentiment and he cannot do otherwise.

Is There a Third?

WHO WRITES THE BEST "COLYUM" in any daily paper in this country? We hear some answering "B. L. T. of the Chicago 'Tribune,'" while others loudly back "F. P. A., now of the New York 'Tribune.'" Is there any third Tribune, or any other daily, which can boast an equal to MESSRS. TAYLOR or ADAMS as a "colyum" conductor? If so, do let us hear, for we'd like to rush in a subscription to that sheet.

Terpsichorean

EVERY DANCE has its day, passes, and is forgotten.

. . . Swift from shine to shade
The roaring generations flit and fade,

each capering to its own special measure and each piously reprehending the saltations of its successors. Only the waltz eternally survives, and because (for a guess) it has been the most rhythmic, the most poetic of all dances. For a like reason the one step, under some one of its many aliases, is here to stay. It is a prospect which we are unable to view with any marked degree of horror. Doubtless the present innovations, with their pulsating meter, are at times performed immodestly. But that there is anything inherently evil in them, one may, from the side lines, doubt. For one thing, they demand a sustained and considerable activity. Exercise is a powerful solvent of ill manners. More collars than high resolutions will be melted, one suspects, and shirt bosoms,

Alternating Alaska

BEFORE THE THEORETICAL CONSERVATIONISTS butted in, there was no question at all of Alaska's wealth in natural resources. In the heat of the Pinchot controversy with RICHARD ACHILLES BALLINGER, Secretary of the Interior under the old régime, we were asked why we didn't peaceably let benevolent capitalists develop the Territory's rich coal mines and enjoy their opportunities—as every capitalist should. Alaska teemed with gold, copper, and other minerals—why hold back the panting desires of private enterprise to please the crazy whim of that man PINCHOT? Alaska had enormous agricultural possibilities—why not let the railroads have the harbor lands and build into the interior and open it up? Why strangle an empire in the name of Conservation? And to-day the newspapers that express the views of the capitalists who talked thus not very long ago assume so doleful a tone in telling of Alaskan poverty and retrogression that one is moved to urge, not a Government railway, but a rescue party to bring in the handful of forlorn survivors. What, inquires Mr. WHITING of Cambridge, is the explanation?

What Are the Facts?

IT IS PERHAPS not wholly a coincidence that Alaska's unspeakable natural poverty was not discovered by the Tory press till it became a first-rate argument against that heinously "socialistic" enterprise, the Government railway. The Boston "Herald" tragically argues against constructing a road on the plea that only 16,000 tons of freight was delivered in the town of Fairbanks all last year. The lack of a railway may be one reason why Fairbanks handles no more freight. Where would Boston stand if all railway facilities were suddenly cut off? Moreover, more than one railway and canal has in the past been built to develop and satisfy demand rather than to meet a preexisting need for transportation. Consider our Western railways. Consider Suez—or Panama. To believe, "all at once and nothing first," that Alaska has no future—well, it comes as a shock. Of course it may be true. The Controller Bay waterfront grabbers, BALLINGER, PINCHOT, and the rest of us may have been fighting over mere shadows all the while. Perhaps it is foolish to



rather than moral principles, succumb to the lure of the foot-fretting tempo. For our part we choose to be optimistic about the turkey trot, the one step, the tango, *et id omne genus*, holding that, in respect to the light fantastic toe, one may still trip without falling from grace.

The Story of One Town

COATESVILLE is the town in eastern Pennsylvania that most people heard of for the first time when a mob raided the hospital, took a negro murderer from his cot there, and burned him alive. Yet the people who live there are not, at most times, very different from those in other American towns. No one was punished for that hideous lynching, but a county judge got back at Coatesville by withdrawing the liquor licenses. Later, the Chester County Grand Jury noted a marked decrease in crime. Says the Grand Jury:

The debasing influence of the saloon has been so apparent in a majority of the cases that we feel compelled to make the observation that the general public must pay the price for permitting the existence of these highly objectionable sources of crime.

After almost a year of drought, the merchants of Coatesville are outspoken in declaring that the closing of their five saloons has not been the detriment they feared. It has boosted business. The local trust company has had more deposits than ever before in its history. The 1913 Christmas funds of this trust company and of the national bank (made up of small deposits during the year, drawn out for Christmas money) amounted to over \$50,000. More small accounts were opened than ever before. Though the mills which employ most of the inhabitants have not greatly prospered, no one seems particularly hard up—tariff or no tariff. Three or four businesses, however, have really suffered from the closing of the Coatesville saloons: the charity business—there haven't been so many "cases" to cover; the police business—there haven't been so many arrests to make; and a few side lines, like wife beating, murder, and burning negroes alive.

False Hopes

GOOD MR. MUNSEY owns so many newspapers and magazines that he cannot be expected to know what goes into them all, even in the advertising columns. One of Mr. MUNSEY's newspapers, however, needs a little absent treatment, for the Washington "Times" is still publishing fulsome eulogies of the Great American Fraud. Of all mean ways of making money, making well men sick, sick men sicker, and holding out false hopes to real sufferers seem to us the most contemptible. One reason why the fakery ads have no business in the "Times" is that Mr. MUNSEY's Washington newspaper has fought the pure-food fight with uncommon zeal, supporting Dr. WILEY through all his difficulties.

To Be Read February 14

SOME FOLKS find everything recent worse than what is old. Among other things the behavior of youth is condemned as more thoughtless and inconsequential than ever before. The young girl is called unconscionably silly in regard to men. But just read this confession of a young girl in 1754:

Last Friday was St. Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay leaves and pinned four on the corners of my pillow and the fifth to the middle; and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart, BETTY said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay and put them into water; and the first that rose was to be our valentine. Would you think it?—Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

Probably the popular song to-day is the most inane form that the alphabet has ever taken. And yet in the eighteenth century "The Cabinet of Love; or Cupid's Repository" used to contain this sort of thing:

The beauties of her polished mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle FLAVIA well.

Certainly the gentle FLAVIA deserved "the hook." And just listen:

You are the girl I take delight in
Much more than haddock, smelts, or whiting.

This may not be quite so bad as the contemporary popular song, but it isn't worlds away. Possibly, after all, our predecessors didn't have so much on us in the line of perfection.

A Master Workman

WILLIAM GARSTANG, general master car builder for two Ohio railroads, has retired after fifty active years that began when passenger cars were lighted by sperm candles. For twelve years past he has been chairman of the Committee on Standard Wheels, whose work has reduced the number of designs for freight-car wheels from forty-five to three. He has done a good job, and the results will live after him. What will the railroads be like when the new generation, building on such achievements, has served fifty years?

Why So Few Murphys?

IN PHILADELPHIA, as in New York and Boston, also England, Scotland, and Wales, the commonest name is Smith. Murphy comes in as name number thirteen—and we don't understand. It can't be because the Irish are scarce in Philadelphia; every sixth Philadelphian is Irish himself or has one Irish parent. This means that the old town has a bigger Irish population than county Tipperary or Limerick or Kilkenny. But where are the Murphys? They come in number three in Boston, number four in New York. Yet the Irish are relatively more numerous in Philadelphia than in either of these cities. Philadelphia has more Kellys than Murphys. Why? It is up to some one of the name to explain this.

A Reckless Race

THE PROVIDENT ENGLISH, the sober English, the frugal English, even the humorless English—it is all a myth. Witness the Rector of Bishopsbourne and his letter to the London "Times" anent the country laborer:

Can you find space to print the weekly budget for the food of a countryman, his wife, and four young children? Bread, 21 loaves, 5s. 3d.; tea or tea and cocoa, 1s. 1½d.; butter, 1 pound, or margarine, 2 pounds, 1s.; cheese, 4 pounds, at 8d., 2s. 8d.; sugar, 4 pounds, 8d.; bacon, meat, and suet, 3s. 6d.; oddments, salt, pepper, matches, etc., 1½d.; flour, 9d.; currants, 4d.; treacle or jam, 4d. Total weekly cost, 15s. 9d. If each of the six persons has three meals a day, this works out at 1½d. per meal. . . . No one can say that it is extravagant.

Extravagant? LORD bless you, what you need is an infant industry food trust or two to be ruined by a Wilson tariff.

Industrial Justice

HENRY FORD'S gigantic plan for an eight-hour day and a minimum wage of \$5 per day has been given the notice it deserves, but our journalists miss one of the more important economic points of it. The facts seem to be that the plant has been built out of earnings and that no securities have been sold to the public. The capital stock is \$2,000,000 and there are no bonds. How foolish and wrong this must appear to the average Wall Street "operator" when he notes that last year's profits were about \$35,000,000! On this earning power as a base our talented "financiers" would easily build you a capitalization of at least \$400,000,000. They would issue and reissue, sell and resell, incorporate and reincorporate and concoct the old hodgepodge of preferred and common, bonds and debentures, holding companies and supply companies, that is so familiar a sight in our business history. The sponge of "securities" and "rights" which could easily be devised would absorb even these enormous earnings as the Sahara Desert sucks up the babbling brook. The business would stagger along and labor would be paid the "market rates" of wages. This is where HENRY FORD is "utopian." He has refused to burden a great enterprise with the false and parasitic capitalism which has blighted so many of our railroads and mills. The business is enormously successful so that the results are startling, but Mr. FORD's great departure lies in that he has given the enterprise the benefit of its own power. In doing so he has shown us what the business of the future is to be like.

The Good Fight

IS IT, as most writers assume, much easier to be good in the country? We doubt it. Morality is still a matter of the individual soul, not a by-product of topography, race, or social position. The struggle against temptation is not over when you have attained a minimum wage, put something in the bank, or bought a house of your own. Those who lose the fight against animalism lose it as disastrously in the most beautiful orchards and meadows as in the garish shadows of South Clark Street or Broadway. Other things help or hinder, but salvation is individual to-day just as it always has been.

Keeping Up with Father Time

WHEN winter descends upon the farm and drapes itself gracefully over the cornfield, the twine binder, the kitchen pump, the straw pile, and the rural mail box, the farmer no longer sits by the kitchen fire and reads a file of almanacs for recreation. Instead he goes down to the State University, enrolls in an agricultural short course, and returns ten days later so stuffed and distended with information regarding stock judging, soil fertility, and crop rotation that he turns the parlor into a laboratory and refuses to allow his wife to sweep up the mud which he has tracked in onto the kitchen floor until he has analyzed the same with a high-power microscope.

Every year hundreds of farmers flock into the various State schools of agriculture for tabloid wisdom. They crowd the senior, the coed, and the flossy little sophomore with his straight front hair and cube-cut clothes clear off the campus, and fill it instead with big-booted sons of toll who wouldn't know a college yell from a quarrel in the Poland-China department of the old home farm. They are leaving hobnailed boot tracks as customs and traditions too.

There was a time in college history when it was considered a crime to lead a cow into a classroom. But now professors lead whole classes into cow stables, and if some graceless joker were to imprison a pig in chapel, the head of the agricultural department would probably lecture half an hour upon its physical development.

More Truth Than Poetry in This

THE State universities are getting to be tremendously useful to the farmers. But their short courses should be extended to include other taxpayers. If the farmer can drop into a university and load himself down to the Pilmsoll mark with condensed wisdom in ten sixteen-hour days, why can't the rest of us? Take the subject of plumbing, for instance. The average man finishes his education about plumbing when he learns to spell the word. For the rest of his life the highest-priced labor in the world grabs him by the throat and shakes a \$5 bill out of him whenever a pipe freezes in his home. Think of the amount of money and conversation a short course in plumbing would save a harassed nation!

Of course a man could not learn to pipe his residence in ten days, but he could in this time pick up enough scientific lore to dredge out the kitchen-sink waste pipe or go at a faucet in a masterful way with a wrench when it insisted on leaking.

Some universities are already giving ten-day courses in the psychology of the gasoline engine. Others are giving short courses in domestic science and forestry.

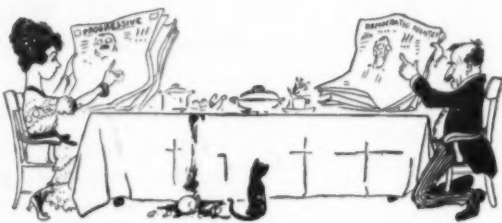
But many far-reaching fields are being left untouched. Those who contribute money and children to the State institutions of learning, and who have to stay at home themselves, submerged in ignorance, should rise as one man and demand brief tabloid courses in chicken raising, the testing of gas and electric meters, the reading of railroad time-tables, the tango in its various forms and stages, the extraction of loans from a banker without resorting to crime, the diagnosis of golf faults by the possessor thereof instead of by well-meaning friends, politics, and how to avoid the same, and "How to talk about Europe in self-defense without resorting to the payment of steamer fare."

A short course in each of these subjects would increase the sum of human wisdom several hundred per cent. But what is better, human happiness would for once move up along with wisdom.

One Might Live on a Million

THOSE Americans who live near the Mexican border these days behold some queer and edifying things.

Not long ago a Mexican walked into the new hotel of which Corpus Christi, Texas, is so justly proud and asked for a room with the air of a man who was just relaxing from a great strain. He wanted a quiet room with bath, and he got it. He asked for the location of the best bank in town. The clerk informed



By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. POST

him. Then the traveler leaned upon the hotel desk and drew a deep breath as if making up for a good many short ones in the immediate past.

"I've just gotten out of Mexico," he said nervously. "They got everything I had in the world," he continued sorrowfully, "except a million dollars."

His eyes gleamed and he thumped his coat over his inside breast pocket. "I've got it here, and it's going into the bank this minute," he said firmly, "and no more Mexico for me."

Of course the price of living around here is going up steadily, but at that a man with a million is likely to be happier on this side of the Rio Grande than a man with fifteen million who lives on the other side and isn't running a revolution of his own.

Beacon Lights of Obscurity

WE PROPOSE to disclose, from time to time, the records of certain great Americans who have earned immortal fame by their heroism, ability, or success, and yet who have not, through some oversight, been embalmed in history to any extent. Among these are the following:

KENNEDY, ANDREW, New York City—Hero. On the evening of November 18 last, Mr. Kennedy entered a well-known Broadway restaurant with his own wife. He checked his coat and hat. After waiting fifteen minutes to be seated he gave a small order and waited forty-five minutes to be served. Upon leaving, he tipped the waiter one penny for services rendered and recovered his coat and hat without the loss of any additional cash.



JONES, J. ANDREW, Chicago—Financier. Mr. Jones is a cheese merchant and after fourteen years of hard work had saved up \$500. On the 17th of last July he had a chance to spend this money for a second-hand automobile worth \$1,600, and was offered unlimited credit by the garage owning the automobile. Mr. Jones instead of buying the automobile bought a bond.

SAMUELSON, JOHN, Minneapolis—Patriot. This great man owns a small home in an unimproved section of the city, and had for years endeavored to have a sidewalk laid on his street. During the election of 1898 he was approached by a candidate for alderman, who offered, if Mr. Samuelson would support him, to secure the sidewalk, an electric light in front of his residence, and a job in the street department for his son. Mr. Samuelson supported the other candidate because he was a better man for the place.

What Will Uncle Joe Say Now?

THE cruelest feature about the revival of business is the fact that it didn't happen until after the Republican National Committee had decided that it could elect a president in 1916 with the bread line and nothing else for a platform. This means another trip

to Washington by the committee at a time when the railroad pass is distressingly shy and elusive.

Still, \$7.85 Is \$7.85

THE Germans are nothing if not practical. An unemotional Prussian scientist has been assaying the human body and has discovered that its value as junk is \$7.85.

The fat is worth \$2.60; the albumen at present egg rates about \$3.50, and there is enough phosphorus to put heads on 2,000 matches. There is enough iron to make a shingle nail and enough lime to whitewash a small henhouse.

It thus seems that death would greatly enhance the value of some citizens even at the German scientist's rate. But even science overlooks things occasionally. Many men would reveal other valuable material if scrapped. Take, for instance, the man who capitalizes an impoverished hole in the ground in a Western State and sells \$1,000,000 of gold-mining stock based on an annual output of four ounces of old iron and a suspender button.

He could be melted down into 150 pounds of the finest brass.

Consider the alderman who goes his way voting away franchises in spite of the frantic objections of the citizens.

At the present price of leather his hide would bring in twice \$7.85. After the young Congressman has bowed to the will of the old-timers for a few months his backbone would yield enough Para rubber to make an automobile tire; while if the supply of ivory ever runs out enough can be gotten from the heads of a few prominent ex-railroad presidents of the "hands-off-and-let-me-ruin-this-railroad-myself" kind to preserve the noble game of billiards for many years.

Man is a mine of materials, precious, and otherwise, and the German scientist has only scratched the surface.

The New Family Cement

WE ARE firmly convinced that universal suffrage is coming just in time to prevent the breaking up of the American home through the inability of the husband and wife to converse with each other with mutual enjoyment and understanding.

This is an age of feverish thirst for knowledge in this country.

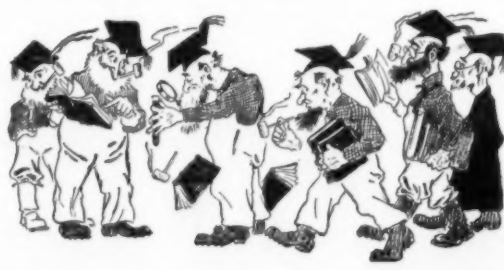
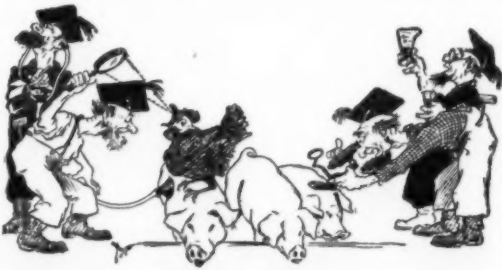
Day after day the American wife does up her household in a hurry and goes to her club where she discusses "The Montessori System," "The Influence of Hegel," "The Food Value of Proteids," "The Influence of the Renaissance on Pullman Decoration," "The Crypticism of Shaw," "Suggestion as a Means of Discipline," and other important subjects of the day illustrated with maps and diagrams.

Morning after morning, on the other hand, the American husband leaps from the breakfast table and bolts for the city where he soaks himself in lore upon such burning questions as "The Street Car Service," "The Effect of the Currency Bill on Stocks," "The Need of More Card Tables in the Club," "The Increasing Whenceness of the White Hope," "The Immortality of Christy Mathewson," "The Ballistic Effects of Reverse English," and "The Growing Fierceness of the Cost of Living."

Evening after evening husband and wife meet at the dinner table (in towns under five thousand, the supper table) with nothing to discuss but the above subjects. But the topics which have occupied the husband all day are unknown to the wife, while the subjects upon which the wife has been painfully cording up knowledge would give the husband mild convulsions if he attempted to understand them.

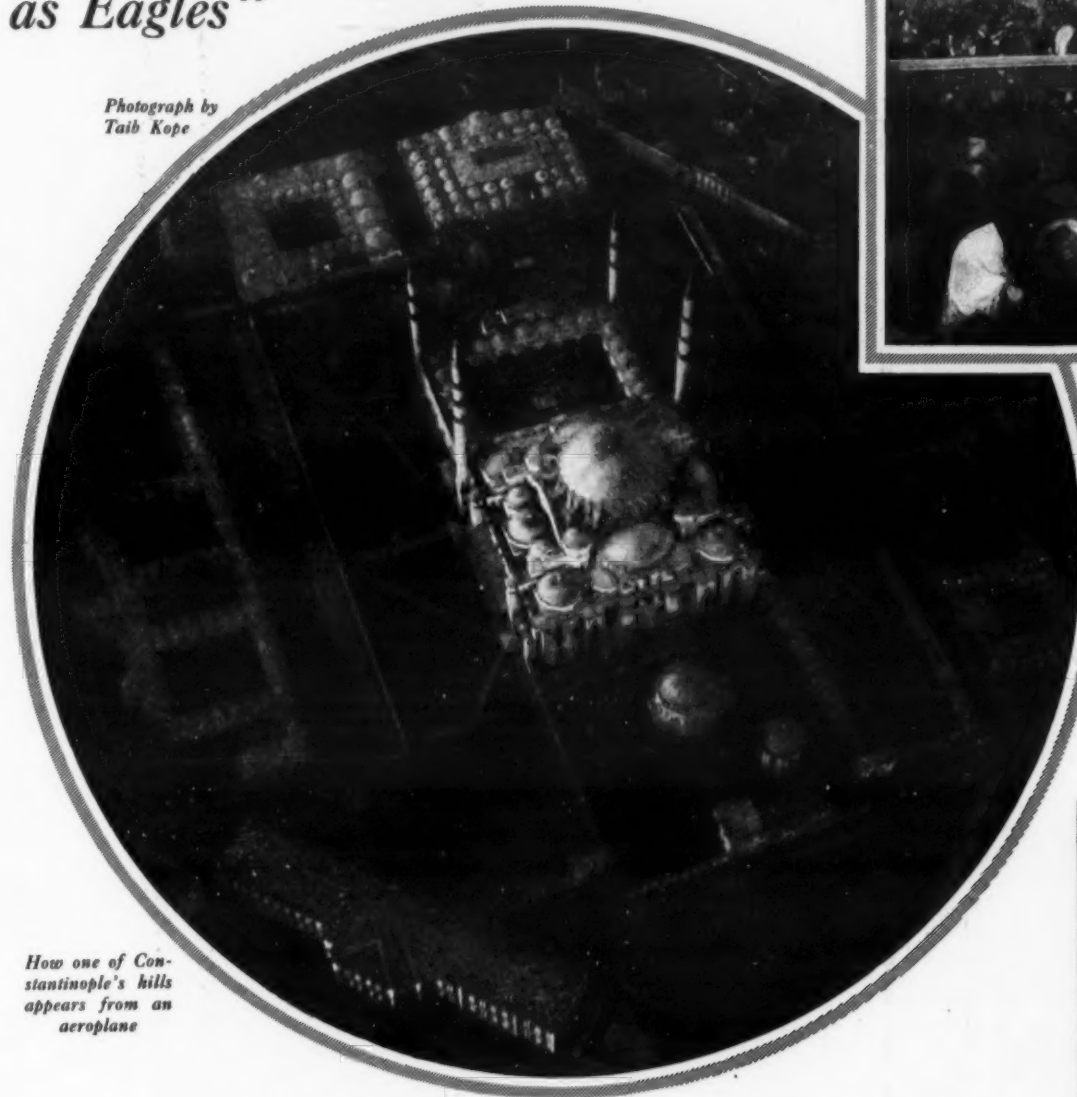
Into the American family, which has been fast drifting apart into isolated fields of knowledge, politics now comes as a boon and a cement.

In those States which have adopted suffrage, husbands and wives are now talking freely together along common lines of research and the need of a wider education, for the business-getting husband is becoming less painfully apparent to him as he clusters by his own fireside.

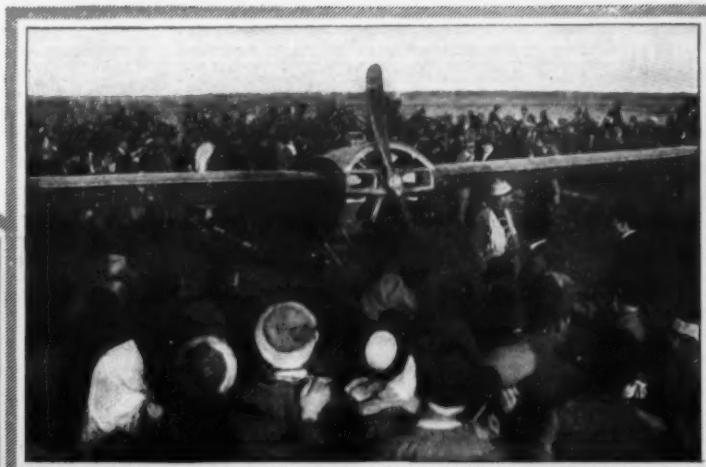


"They Shall Mount up with Wings as Eagles"

Photograph by
Taib Kope



How one of Constantinople's hills appears from an aeroplane



ON the morning of the first day of the new year a dense crowd, estimated as not less than 20,000 persons, waited on a plain outside of Jerusalem. The center of interest was a big glistening monoplane. With the French aviator Bonnier at the wheel, it had swooped down from the sky late in the afternoon of the previous day. Our photograph above is a glimpse of the machine and some of the excited citizens who surrounded it on New Year's morning.

M. Bonnier gave the spectators no chance to complain about delays. He waved good-by, and the monoplane swiftly glided upward, and sailed away toward Port Said.

Another aeroplane was soaring over Constantinople at the time, and from it a photographer snapped our twentieth-century picture of the sixteenth-century Mosque of the Sultan Suleiman.

Copyright 1914 by G. Frank Worts

Completing a New Liner More Gigantic Than the Imperator

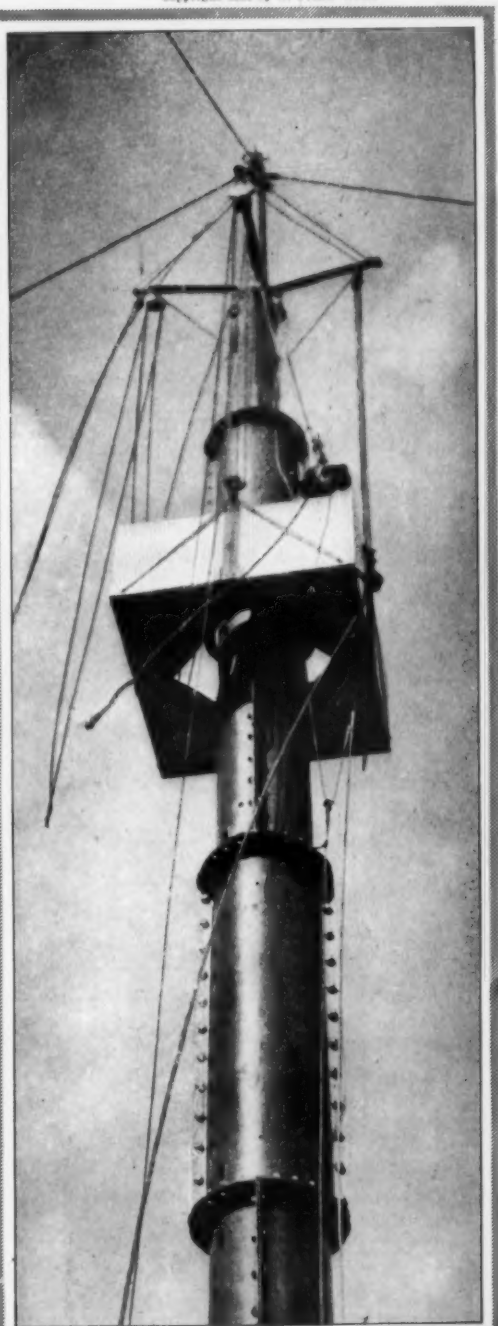
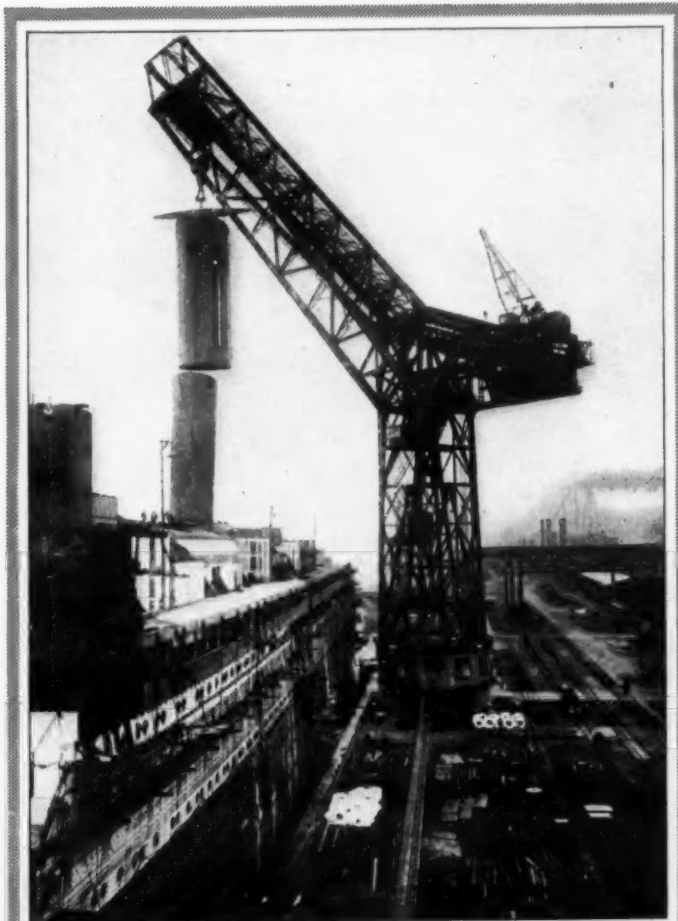
ONLY three more months of glory are left to the *Imperator*. In May the *Vaterland*, of the same design as the *Imperator* but surpassing her in every dimension, will take possession of the title of "the world's largest steamship." Our table shows how the two ships compare in size:

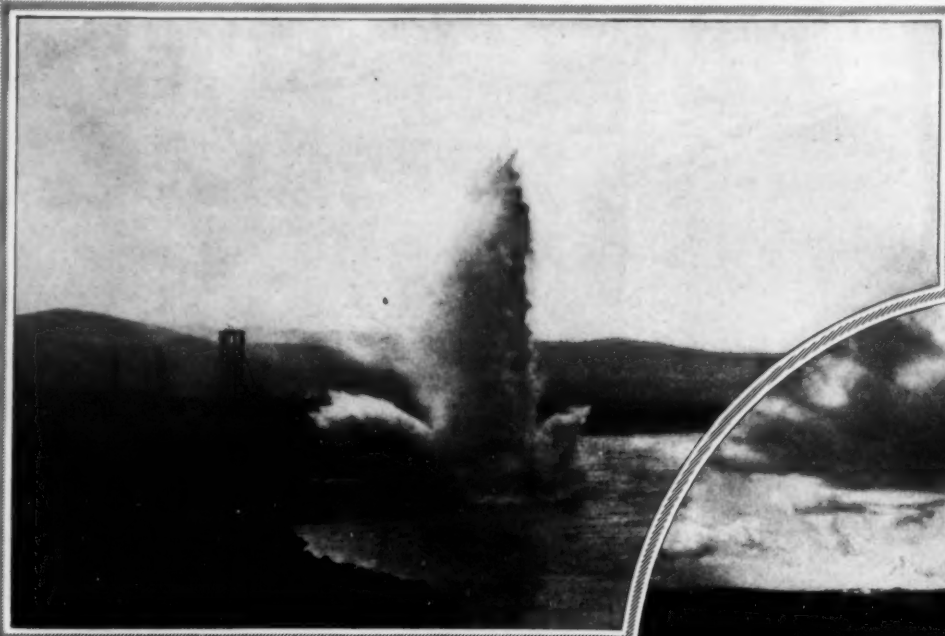
<i>Imperator</i>		<i>Vaterland</i>
919 feet	Length	950 feet
98 feet	Beam	100 feet
52,000 tons	Burden	58,000 tons

Our photograph at the left was snapped in the shipyard at Hamburg as one of the *Vaterland's* huge funnel casings, 62 feet high and 20 x 30 across, was being lowered into place. The *Vaterland's* first sailing from New York is to be June 16.

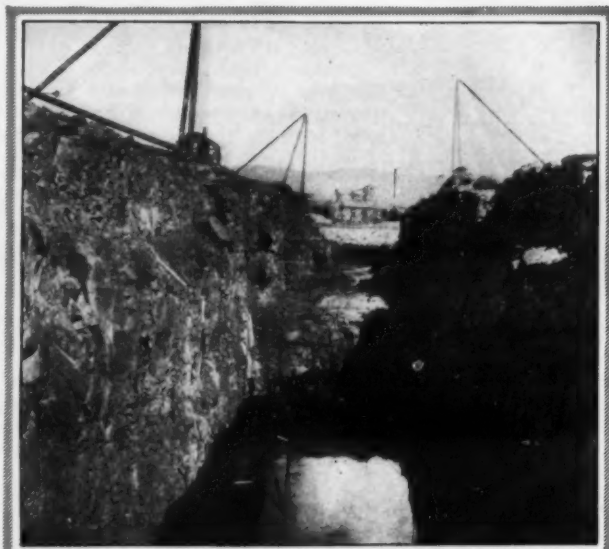
Hawaii to Ireland Via Wireless

A SERIES of high-power wireless stations now in course of construction soon will make it possible to send messages through the air from Ireland to Hawaii. At the base of Koko Head volcano on the Hawaiian Island of Oahu the world's tallest masts are being erected—steel poles varying in height from 330 to 475 feet. Our photograph at the right, taken from a height the equivalent of thirty stories, shows how the masts are installed. The man cage rises with the work, bolting half sections of pressed steel together as it climbs.





Blasting under water near the entrance to Tandem Locks



The basin of Tandem Locks cost two and one-half years' work. It is 700 feet long, 80 deep and 60 in width—all cut through hard lava



At Big Eddy. Mount Hood looms in the background

BY THE end of 1914 a rich region of the Northwest which often is described as an "inland empire" will find itself further enriched by the possession of a score of ports. When the $8\frac{1}{2}$ -mile canal which the Government is carving through basalt cliffs and shifting sands, between the towns of The Dalles and Celilo, Ore., is completed, 400 miles of

waterway on the Columbia River will be open to steamship traffic. The lower reaches of the Snake River will be navigable also; and river towns in Idaho, even above Lewiston, may then ship freight by water to the Pacific. The canal has required much skillful work in engineering. It has been building for eight years and will cost more than \$4,500,000.



Where the canal circles the boiling currents of Celilo Falls. The Columbia will be opened from Astoria to Priest Rapids, a distance of four hundred miles



TWICE AS MANY MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS were killed in the Central Alps in 1913 as in 1901; and the total number of fatalities in twelve years has reached 1,220. These figures, from the official statistics just published by the Swiss Alpine Club, appear less startling, however, when the rapidly increasing popularity of mountain sport is considered. The sort of thrill-seeking illustrated in our snapshot above is risky, but the collectors of statistics upon mountain climbing contend that most of the victims of serious Alpine accidents are the overconfident adventurers who scorn guides

Photograph by
Robert Miller



At the left: Walton
J. Wood, Public
Defender

A NEW PUBLIC OFFICE was created in Los Angeles the other day when Walton J. Wood was named as the Public Defender of Los Angeles County. His duty is to work "as diligently in the defense of any accused person as the District Attorney does in the prosecution"

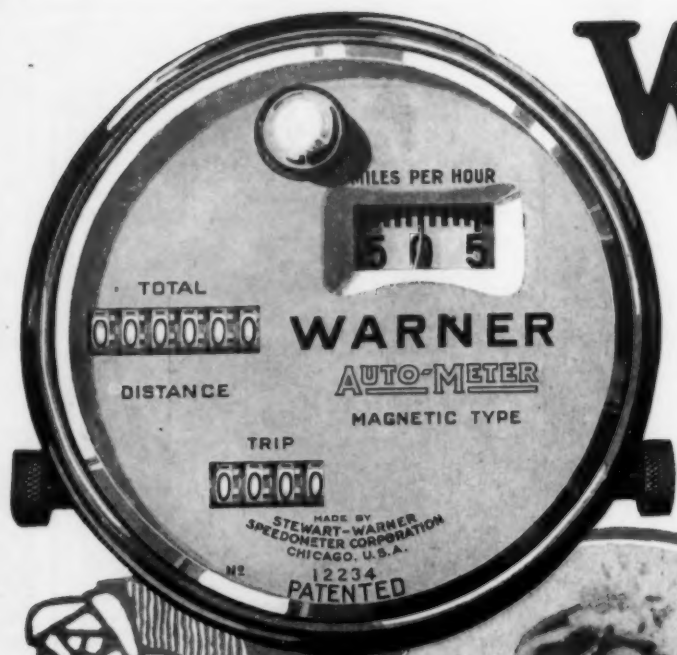


THE NEW CHAIRMAN of Colorado's Democratic State Central Committee is Mrs. Gertrude A. Lee, who trained for the job by serving four years as vice chairman



NOISELESS SIGNALS to summon patrolmen quickly from their posts to the nearest police telephone box are being tested in Washington, D. C., and New York City. Instead of a gong whose sound might be confused with the bells of motor vehicles, or might not be heard at all, a green light flashes from a signal post

WARNER AU



Model K-3
\$75

Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas. She uses
Warner Auto-Meters



Justice J. W. Gerard and Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt.
They use Warner Auto-Meters



Mr. Pembroke Jones and Mr. Pembroke Jones, Jr.
They use Warner Auto-Meters.



Mrs. Godfrey Preece and Mrs. H. R. R. Coles.
They use Warner Auto-Meters



Judge Gary, the famous head of the Steel Corporation. He uses Warner Auto-Meters



Miss N. J. Wyatt and Mr. Guggenbuhl.
Horse Show. They use Warner Auto-Meters

Dominates at the

At the grand opening of the recent ultra-f
held at Madison Square Garden, we reco
on the night of November 15. This record in
car, the make of the car, and the make of the
order to get an accurate check on the mat
The result was as follows:

**87.9% of all the Cars were
the Famous Magnetic**

Out of 215 cars equipped with speedometers 189 carried the m
We give only those makes represented

- | | |
|---|------|
| 39 Packard cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 5 Lo |
| 24 Pierce-Arrow cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 4 St |
| 15 Renault cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 4 G |
| 14 Cadillac cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 4 W |
| 11 Stearns cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 3 Pa |
| 10 Peerless cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 3 W |
| 7 Chalmers cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 3 Si |
| 7 S. G. V. cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 2 Fi |
| 6 Locomobile cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 2 M |
| 6 Stoddard-Dayton cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 2 M |
| 5 Oldsmobile cars carried the magnetic speedometer | 2 M |

A Warner Auto-Meter on the dash is the hall mark of an un-
questionably high-grade car. Car buyers, the country over, determine
the quality of the car by the speedometer it carries. It is the very first
trade marked accessory looked for. It is the one thing that cannot be
hidden. If it is a Warner no questions will be asked. Every dealer

Stewart-Warner Speedometer

Philadelphia
Detroit

Cleveland
New York

Chicago
Atlanta

Boston
Buffalo

BRANCHES:
Pittsburgh

Factories: Beloit, Wisc., and Chicago, Ill.

AUTO-METER

the Horse Show

At the ultra-fashionable New York Horse Show, we recorded every motor car that attended. Our record included the name of the owner of the car and the make of the speedometer used. We did this in the matter of speedometer preferences.

Cars were Equipped with Warner Magnetic Speedometer

Carried the magnetic speedometer. The detailed list is below. Represented by two or more cars.

- 5 Lozier cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 4 Stevens-Duryea cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 4 Garford cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 4 Winton cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 3 Panhard cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 3 White cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 3 Simplex cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 2 Fiat cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 2 Metallurgique cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 2 Mercedes cars carried the magnetic speedometer
- 2 Minerva cars carried the magnetic speedometer

welcomes the use of quality accessories, particularly the use of the Warner, because it is always in plain sight, and its standing and reputation is known to every one. It leaves the dealer nothing to sell but the car, and in consequence makes the sale of the car that much easier. Any dealer will gladly put a Warner on your car if you ask for it.

Speedometer Corporation

- BRANCHES:
- | | | | | |
|------------|--------------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Pittsburgh | St. Louis
Los Angeles | London
Paris | San Francisco
Minneapolis | Kansas City
Indianapolis |
|------------|--------------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|

And nearly 100 Service Stations



Madison Square Tower
New York



Mr. and Mrs. George Gould. They use Warner Auto-Meters



The Misses Therese and Louise Iselin and Mrs. Ernest Iselin.
They use Warner Auto-Meters



Mrs. Edwin Gould. She uses Warner Auto-Meters



Mrs. Joseph H. Choate. She uses Warner Auto-Meters



Mr. Joseph Harriman. He uses Warner Auto-Meters

Fingering the Buzz Saw

HOMESICK! That long-legged, sharp-elbowed Carter boy sat on the edge of his bunk, his scrawny forearms cramped between his bony knees, and moped. No soldier horse-play could shake him out of his megrims. He'd run away from home at seventeen, got enough of the army in two months to last him a lifetime, and he wanted his mother. Now we will turn to other people for a time.

This was at Alcondones where the Mexican border line divides the town at the plaza, with the Sonora calabozo on one side, and the Arivapa County courthouse and jail on the other. Diaz men were strong in Alcondones Sonora, but our town was a hotbed of expatriated revolutionists, and Lopez threatened the garrison from the Mexican hills. A battalion of the Federal Fifty-ninth held the fort gamely enough—all the streets were barricaded and sandbagged and there were machine guns at every entrance to the town. The calabozo was packed with rebel suspects, and several times during our stay the Diaz Commandante, Señor Coronel Don Luis Hidalgo, stood two or three of them up in the strong sunlight, against a yellow east wall, and shot them to death with musketry, and that in plain sight of our camp—just as a warning to the Maderistas on our side of the line, and in defiance of Red Lopez and the rebel army.

THIS may have been good policy from the Mexican point of view, but it rasped H Troop's American sense of fair play. An ugly feeling of resentment not desirable in a neutral border guard began to manifest itself, and it wasn't calmed any when a detachment of straw-sombreroed rurales galloped in one day, leading a bony piebald pony, upon which sat, trussed like a porker, a nonchalant Yankee youth in expensive olive-green hunting clothes and a new Baden-Powell hat. Of course you've guessed that this was young Stephen Kephart, whose case was so much in the papers in 1911.

He was little more than a boy, and no doubt he had no business adventuring off into Mexican revolutions. But when a lad dreams of pirates and Indians and banditti, he doesn't stop to think of national complications. And young Kephart lived very close to his Diamond Dick; he swaggered into that carcel door with all the stage sang-froid of a condemned aristocrat of the Terror!

Perhaps it would have been better all around had we had a more experienced officer with K Troop; we had only a youngster, solid enough in his way, but stiff with formality and obsessed by an unthrifty awe of orders; and the orders said and repeated—"Fingers off the buzz saw across the border."

Everyone will remember how Mrs. Kephart moved heaven and earth in her efforts to save her son. One day a telegram came from the General—

Mrs. Kephart arrives Arivapa on the three-forty. Send a detail to meet her. Show her every consideration but under no circumstances interfere with matters in Mexico.

I was the detail. It was a twelve-mile drive to the railroad at Arivapa, and away in the rumbling old four-mule army Daugherty, primed with all the manners of polite society that my enlistment hadn't squeezed out of me, went I, a sergeant of the line.

The Sunset Express came crawling up out of the mirage of that infinite tawny plain, stopped with a snort of indignation at being halted at a tank station, and out of a forward chair car plumped a dumpy old lady with a rusty cotton umbrella in one hand and a voluminous valise in the other. She could not be Mrs. Kephart, but no one else left the train.

SHE bore down upon me like a battleship in a sea-way and I smiled. I have since observed that people always smile upon meeting Mrs. J. R. Carter of Shadrach, Okla., and not in derision. She smiles first—smiles with that expanding circle of risible ripple that has made the fat face of Mr. John Bunnie worth whatever it is to the movies people. Her eyes seem to read most kindly all the good there is in you and to reject the bad, and you have to smile

By Hugh Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

from pleasure at her inflated valuation. She dropped her valise and put both hands on her hips—inspecting me from head to foot, and "Be you a soldier, mister?" then said she.

"I try to be," I grinned.

"Well, law! How nice and clean you look."

"Do I?" And I came as near blushing as a three-year sergeant can; "I'm glad."

"Now is there a boy in your army named Freddie



As she passed the gasping Luis she fetched him a blow with her besom that sent him staggering and spluttering

Carter—kind o' bean-poly and ganglin'-like, he is—growin' still you know—but nice for all that?"

I said there was.

"Well, I'm that boy's mother and I've come to get him. He run away. What do you think of that?—run away! I'll bet he's sick of it—just sick to death. Yes, sir, I'm that boy's mother. What do you think of that?" And she waited for my verdict as though this were the most remarkable coincidence in the world.

BLESS her heart, she didn't need to say that she was somebody's mother! Her mouth was firm—pioneering, and claimstaking, and her little part in empire building had done that, but her eyes were kind, and sorrow and sympathy had done that. Mother was chiseled all over her—her bony, work-knotted hands, her ample bosom and her seamed and sweet old face.

"I'll take you to him," I offered. "It's a twelve-mile drive." And so we rattled into camp just as the troop had been dismissed from retreat parade. The men stood about at a respectful distance while the Lieutenant waited for me to get out, salute, and report.

"A later telegram came, sergeant," he said; "Mrs. Kephart has gone on to Mexico to see President Diaz." He didn't see who was sitting back of the Daugh-

erty curtains, but Mrs. Carter had caught sight of her boy. She came bundling out of that high-swung ambulance, an adipose avalanche of maternity. She gathered her loose-jointed son to her bosom in a two-arm sweep that lifted his clumsy feet clear of the ground and bent him back two ways from the middle. Just the same, it was touching—half the men had turned away and blest if I didn't feel a lump in my own throat. Mrs. Carter herself wasn't the sort to waste much time in tears. She straightened her little black bonnet with a slap of her hand and dried her eyes on a big colored handkerchief. Then she looked about her.

"Well, I'll swan," was her comment, "I'll jest swan to goodness." I did not know what she was swanning about, but it turned out to be a sort of tolerant amusement that we, and most of all our youthful officer, inspired.

"Be you the boss, or foreman, or whatever you call it?" she asked him with her invincible smile.

"I'm the Lieutenant commanding," he returned with a try at dignity that ended in a grin.

"Lieutenant co-whattling?" she exploded. "Why, you're just kiddies—poor motherless kiddies stuck out here at the flat end of nowhere, and totin' guns! Well, in the life of me I never saw nothin' to beat it—and totin' guns!" It was no place for the Lieutenant's dignity and he retreated, but the men swarmed about her like bees about a burst watermelon, and we showed her our camp kitchen and our quarters. She had no open criticism to make—just "Sakes-alive" and "Swannings-to-goodness," but the waste and hodge-podge and bad cooking of a troop field kitchen would bring any housewife up in arms, and when we bade her good night at the door of the wall tent we'd prepared for her, there was an ominous light in her eye.

"Go to bed early, boys," said she; "there'll be work to do in the morning."

AND there was. She found an old ore warehouse as big as a barracks and she asked the Lieutenant what he meant by keeping us in hot, stuffy dog tents when that was crying for tenants. He hadn't thought of it—that was all. So she took charge of the squads and cleaned it out. She whitewashed it, put plants in the windows, and made some frilly curtains. She fixed up a dining room and turned our commissary field outfit into as homey an old farm kitchen as you could find in the Mississippi watershed. They had to get out a troop order to keep the men out of it. They'd moon around there begging for doughnuts and the privilege of licking the cake pan until she drove them out with a broom.

And cook! That old lady would have had the Olympians relegating ambrosia to the class of the thirtieth quail on the thirtieth day while they begged for more of her flapjacks. She darned socks and sewed on buttons, and there in the rocking chair that some one had "rustled" for her she used to sit in her spick-and-span kitchen, with the pots and kettles bubbling behind her, while she did our mending and lectured and joked and jollied with the boys who stood around with their hats off and listened to her.

"I come here to get Freddie and go back," she said, "but here I find sixty-five Freddie's and not the least of em's that pathy little squirt with the sword on. I reckon I'll stay a spell."

She didn't know about the grim part of the revolution across the line. She thought that was some kind of big-boy play—like being a soldier—and the men kept the ugly part of it from her by every little white lie and invention they could muster, just as they kept from her the fact that she couldn't take Freddie home before his three years were served without making of him a deserter and a felon.

BUT young Kephart was complicating affairs at Alcondones. We saw him almost daily at the carcel window, and while we weren't allowed to cross the border, the men used to stand tooting it and yell at him until a cigarette-smoking guard shuffled in and made him go away from the window. Then our men would jeer and catcall and make the gestures of a monkey scratching fleas, until some noncoms came along and made them stop. (Continued on page 23)

World's-End

Chapter XII

A Cherished Woman

By Amélie Rives

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

IT WAS on a day all glittering blue and gold like a Venetian glass that Phoebe came back to World's-End, whence, in a little "jumper" behind Killdee, she had driven away in such a daze of misery. As they passed over the stone bridge at the foot of the lawn, she looked down at the Green-Flower, now all embroidered with patterns of red and yellow autumn leaves, and thought of that day. How madly wretched she had been then—and now! But now, in spite of all the love and care that surrounded her—because of it, indeed, was she not at times even more wretched—with a deeper, more hopeless misery? For the first ecstasy of motherhood had passed, leaving her no less devoted to her baby, but at the same time making place for that anguish of remorse which wrung her when she saw Owen so tender to the child that he thought his own—about which she had deceived him with a cowardly silence worse than actual lying.

He had trusted her, honored her, saved her, and she had done this dreadful thing to him.

Then suddenly the hunger for happiness rose in her, wild and fierce as the physical hunger of the starving, and all her young irresponsibility revolted from stern codes and the inner voice which so ruthlessly condemned her; poor little Phoebe, who could never finally wipe out the scruples against which she struggled in her thirst for joy! But now reaction had seized her for the moment, and she found sweetness in the contrast of that day with this. It seemed to her that her life at least was far stranger than anything that people wrote in books, for she could see the wraith of herself sitting huddled and stupefied in the jumper in her shrunk white linen frock and the hat that drooped too limply—all alone—more lonely than anyone in the world, she thought—and now, over that same bridge she was passing in a smart carriage, her husband beside her, Giles, the baby's nurse, tall, thin, and very English, on the seat in front, and on her knees little Diana herself, "burbling" like a joyous "Jabberwock." Giles had given her a china dog to play with, for her teeth were coming fast and she loved the feeling of the cool porcelain on her hot little gums; and alternately she sucked the round, inane head with its blue eyes and brown ears, or beat with the toy on Owen's knee.

"Da-da-da-da," said Diana gayly, with every inflection of assertion and inquiry possible to imagine.

Phoebe looked at her thoughtfully.

"I do really believe she's trying to say, 'Ta-ta,' Owen. What do you think, Giles?"

"Traps, m'm. She's very quick to learn."

"Da-da-da-da," said Diana, and suddenly smote her in the face with the china dog, chuckling rapturously.

"Oh, Giles!" cried Phoebe, "I'm afraid she's cut your lip." Giles answered impassively from behind her handkerchief. "No, m'm. Only a slight bruise, m'm. 'Twas my fault. She's done it before. I should have been on the watch."

HERE Diana bumped her head against her nurse's flat but motherly breast, and, taking the dog's head entirely into her own rosy mouth, mumbled contentedly. "Isn't it odd," said Phoebe to Owen, "how such a wee mouth outside can be so big inside?"

"As far as I can gather," said Owen, "babies are far more fearfully and wonderfully made than we are."

He was rejoiced to see Phoebe so calm, with what he knew must be such an ordeal looming directly ahead, for Sally had stayed on at World's-End with Mary to await their coming. Richard, Mary had written, was off to North Carolina for the autumn shooting.

But Phoebe was far from calm within. Her talk about the baby had only been to give Owen the impression that he had received. It seemed to her that this coming meeting with Sally was one of the hardest things that fate had yet brought upon her. But it was

unavoidable. By night and day, waking and sleeping, for long months it had haunted her. She had tried hard to school herself against the grim hour.

She sat very straight, not leaning back, and her

was a terrible and beautiful moment. She could not tell which was greater, her pain or her feeling of exquisite tenderness. This, all unknown to her, was the most ironical moment of her life, but she did not dream it, and her heart overflowed with that feeling of anguished sweetness.

Diana was a singularly sweet-tempered child, imperious and courageous. She never howled at the ghastly sight of a strange face as most babies do. Now she wriggled round in Mary's arms, and, freeing her little hand from the too close embrace, pounded her blithely with the china dog.

"Da-da-da-da," said Diana to Mary. And Mary, smothering her with kisses, said "Da-da-da" back to her again.

"Oh, aren't they dear together?" cried Phoebe. "She's partly yours, Cousin Mary. Look, Owen! How the little thing is staring right up in Mary's eyes!"

And indeed the child had thrown her head back on Mary's breast, and was gazing into the light gray eyes out of her deep violet ones with that sudden look of mysterious solemnity that makes one feel sometimes

as though a pilgrim of the ages were looking from a baby's eyes.

"It's as if she recognized her—as if she were seeing her again after a long, long time," said Phoebe, awed.

"I a child, very old, over waves, toward the house of Maturity, the land of migrations, look afar," quoted Owen. "Who knows? Perhaps she does recognize her?"

"Baby—baby," thought Mary in her secret and passionately yet sweetly aching heart. "Perhaps we were nearer—far nearer, in another life. Perhaps there you were my very own—not lent to me kindly as you are now."

Suddenly Diana started as from a little sleep, and began her joyous poundings with the china dog again.

Mary spoke to them over her fluffy head.

"Sally is much, much better," she said. "Of course, she's greatly wrought up

over your return. She doesn't say much, but I can see that this darling mite" (she squeezed the baby to her) "is in her thoughts from morning till night. She's been turning the old nursery into a regular bower. And she says primly: 'Owen shall have no cause of complaint, if I can prevent it, or that English nurse either.' Isn't that Sallyesque?"

"What does Patton think of her condition now?" asked Owen. They were nearly at the house.

"Much better. Excitement is bad for her, of course. Not pleasant excitement like this, though. And she can't rush up and down stairs and all over the place as she used to. It's very hard on her, poor dear! But with moderate care there's no reason to think that she won't live 'till her bones rattle," as she says."

THE carriage was stopping before the south portico.

They saw Sally's tall figure, in a gown of mauvish heather mixture, standing at the top of the steps. Owen helped Mary out, then turned and took Phoebe's hand. He kept it in his as they mounted the steps together.

Sally's eyes were fixed on little Diana in Mary's arms.

"Richard's child—Richard's child—" she kept saying to herself. Her teeth were clenched so hard that the muscles on her thin jaws stood out.

"Isn't she a darling?" cried Mary eagerly. She ran up the steps and put the baby in Sally's arms. There was nothing for it. The thin arms were obliged to close about the little thing or else to let her drop upon the stones of the porch. Sally stood with a dusky red on either cheek bone, holding her grandchild in her arms.

"Da-da-da-da," said Diana, pounding her thin breast with the china dog.

Giles stepped forward.



"Well, that or something certainly gives you quite 'an air,'" smiled Mary. "You're not my little village darling any more."

hands dug hard against each other under cover of her gloves. And as they drew nearer and nearer to the house, and she caught glimpses of the south portico between the dance of red and yellow leaves, her face grew very pale, and her eyes dilated.

O WEN knew that look, his heart ached for her, yet there was nothing that he could do. In his ears was her piteous cry on the morning of her baby's birth. "I must tell you—I can't die till I've told you." That memory was very precious to him. Could the nurse have left them together for a few moments he knew that, had he let her, she would have told him everything—

Now they were passing the clump of seven great acacias on the east lawn. A crimson hammock was slung between two of them. Some one in a white gown was lying in it. As the carriage approached, she sprang up, and he saw that it was Mary. She came running toward them. David drew up the bays, and her face with its light gray eyes all a-dance with excitement, looked up at them.

"Oh, Cousin Mary!—Dear Cousin Mary—get in! get in!" cried Phoebe.

Mary jumped in and sat down between Phoebe and Owen, taking a hand of either in her own. "Oh, my dears! How glad I am to get you back!" she said. Tears twinkled on her short lashes. She winked with away and laughed. Then she caught sight of the baby.

"Oh, the sweet!" she gasped. "May I take her a minute?" Phoebe caught up little Diana and put her in Mary's arms. Mary's heart leaped as she pressed the tiny, flesh-covered head against it (Diana always snatched off instantly whatever headgear was put upon her). She was holding Owen's child in her arms. That

"Shall I take her, m'm?" she suggested. "She gives nasty blows with that toy sometimes."

"Thank you," said Sally. Her arms loosened, and Giles took the baby.

Now Phoebe stood before her, her hand still in Owen's. There was an instant's pause, then Sally bent forward and touched her cheek with set lips. Phoebe was white as death. She could not speak, but she gave Sally a touching, quite indescribable look as the older woman drew back after placing her dry kiss. The black eyes avoided the dark blue ones. Then Owen kissed Sally and both he and Phoebe said how glad they were to hear from Mary that she was better.

"Oh, they've tinkered me up between them," she said dryly. "But you know how much good a patched stirrup is. It always breaks at the most important fence."

She turned toward the front door.

"Shall we go up to the nursery?" she asked in Phoebe's direction, but still without looking at her.

"Please," said Phoebe in a low voice.

THE nursery at World's-End was a delightful room, overlooking the south lawns. It had four windows, as Owen's room had, two opening in cupboards in the wall, with the line of distant mountains, now bloomily blue like grapes, showing through a network of yellow pear leaves. The other windows were all one shimmer from the pale gold of the tulip trees outside, now fluttering in the soft October breeze. There was a log fire in the big fireplace with its brass firedogs and fender of pierced brass. The white walls were hung with old prints—the London "Cries." And old rose-and-white chintz, with a pattern representing little boys in short-waisted trousers fishing from a broken bridge, hung at the windows and covered the chairs and sofa. There was a small single-post rosewood bed with a valance of this chintz for Giles, and a wee rosewood crib with twisted side bars for the baby. Some toys were placed near the fire—an old rocking-horse that had been Owen's, and a little cart that Sally had often pulled him about in. Sally went now and opened a door, showing a bathroom tiled in white and rose that she had had added, making use of a large closet formerly used for wood.

"This is the addition I wrote you of," she said to Owen. "I thought it necessary."

"It was dear of you to think of it," he said warmly. "It's the very thing—eh, Giles?"

"Very nice indeed, sir; most comfortable I call it, sir," said Giles, with unqualified approval. She was looking about with a sly surprise that tickled Owen greatly, in spite of the agitation of his inmost thoughts. She had so evidently braced herself to endure the life of a pioneer for the sake of Phoebe and the baby, to both of whom she was already sincerely attached.

GILES was a childless "widow woman," and expressed herself as thoroughly satisfied with her one experience.

A soft little noise, like the scratching of a mouse on the wainscoting, came at the door. It was Hannah, come to welcome "the young mistress" ("the bride," as they still called her below stairs) and to see "Mr. Owen's baby."

She and Giles were presented to each other in due form. Giles told Phoebe afterward that she "had no notion, m'm, asking your pardon, m'm, that a black person could be 'ave so whiterlike." She and Hannah formed almost immediately a quiet friendship that lasted as long as they lived—a consummation devoutly to be grateful for, as English servants in a Virginia country place are forlorn exiles as a rule.

They left Giles to the ordering of her new kingdom, and followed Sally downstairs to the rose room for tea.

As Phoebe entered this room, she grew white again. That faint yet individual perfume characteristic of very old Virginia rooms, of beeswax and potpourri, recalled so biting to her the day when she had been in there alone with Sally, and had fainted from sheer horror and misery, on that very sofa toward which Owen was now leading her.

"Won't you take off your furs?" asked Sally with cold civility, and Phoebe with a start, began loosening her stole and jacket.

MARY ran up to help her.

"What lovely, lovely fur!" she exclaimed holding it against her cheek. "Almost as soft as little Diana's hair. Isn't it exquisite, Sally?"

She held it toward her.

"Very handsome," said Sally, glancing up from the teapot in her hand, then back again. Her acrid thought was:

"Marriage hasn't improved his socialism. Black sables are odd wear for a socialist's wife."

And somehow, for Sally, one of the bitterest things in all this bitter home-coming was that "that girl," as Sally still called her in her thought, should be wearing a stole and muff and hat of black sable.

PHOEBE could not make up her mind to sit on that sofa to which Owen had led her. She drew up a little chair, and poised herself nervously on the edge with her cup of tea.

With her jacket and furs off, her figure in its brown chiffon blouse and sheathlike skirt of dark-

Mary gave a delighted little thrill of laughter.

"Oh, you imitative monkey!" she said. "I never heard anything so British in my life! Did you notice, Sally?"

"Poor Phoebe!" smiled Owen. "They're ragging you rather stiffly, aren't they? Perhaps she's caught it from me. You know, Sally, you always say my accent can be 'cut with a knife.'"

"The case is slightly different, you must admit," returned Sally. "Nearly all your youth was spent in England. Phoebe has only been there a few months."

"But I don't mean to do it," put in Phoebe earnestly. "I think it's beautiful, but I never tried to do it myself."

SHE looked rather distressfully at Owen.

"I like it, however it came about," said he, just touching the big sorrel coils. "So why worry?"

"I won't then," said Phoebe, feeling suddenly courageous even toward Sally. This new feeling of courage was so pleasant that to exercise it she held out her cup to the tea maker.

"May I have another?" she asked.

"With pleasure," said Sally. It was astonishing, the secret bitterness that she managed to instill into this remark—so tempered that, but for circumstances, it would only have conveyed its meaning to the ears for which it was intended. There was a certain expression of kindly frankness about Owen's face, an openness almost boyish at times which led people to think him an unobservant man. Even Sally had never penetrated this pleasant "persona" of his. She thought that she could chasten Phoebe's present state of undeserved prosperity, unknown to any save themselves. But, behind the smiling light-

ness of his manner, anger was stirring in him. This was too bad of Sally—this veiled, hostile bitterness—and it was stupid.

"When you've finished that cup, I think I'll take you to your room, dear," he now said. "It's a fagging journey from New York."

PHOEBE sprang up gladly, putting down her half-full cup.

"I don't want any more. I'd like to go now."

"The room over this—of course?" said Owen to Sally from the door. He saw her eyebrows twitch nervously.

"Yes," she said.

It had been their grandmother's and mother's bedroom, and opened into that of Owen, who occupied his father's.

Phoebe gave a little cry of pleasure as they entered it. A lovely, homelike place it was; a fire of cedar logs burned on the wide hearth, filling the room with sweet, aromatic fragrance.

"Do you like it, 'honey-pot'?" he asked, amused and pleased, watching her as she darted from one object to another, like a humming bird, to which Mary had compared her.

"Do I like it? Do I like it?" she echoed him, glowing and paling. She came and caught up his hand, meaning to press her lips to it, but he held hers fast and drew her to him instead.

"Phoebe," he said. "Mind you're to come straight to me the first minute that World's-End brings you anything but happiness."

"Yes," she said obediently, but her heart said:

"I must be very, very careful. I must bear everything without a look, without a sign. No matter what she says or does to me, I must smile. I must seem happy. I must. I will."

THE next morning Phoebe herself drove over to Nelson's Gift in the pretty phaeton which Owen had ordered for her before they came home.

America sat beside her, advanced for the moment over her *bête noire* Giles—with little Diana in her lap. The dimple in her round, brown cheek looked as though Aunt Polly had pricked it deep with a kitchen fork as in her incomparable beaten biscuits. "You know, Giles," Phoebe had explained, "all America's nearest relatives live at my home, so you won't mind if I take her to-day instead of you to hold the baby."

"Certainly not, m'm. Your wishes are mine, m'm. Only I hope the minx don't fall into one of her tantrums with the poor, dear lamb. 'Tis very ill for infants to be treated with temper, m'm."

"Oh—she dare not!" exclaimed Phoebe.

"Dare not," is something unbeknownst to her, asking your pardon, m'm. She would sauce one of the blessed Apostles if such a thing could befall. I've no patience with her and that's the truth, m'm."

"Indeed, I think you have a great deal of patience with her, Giles," said Phoebe. "And I appreciate it very much. I scold her often for being so naughty to you."

"'Tis neither here nor there, m'm. I pay no regard to her whatsoever. 'Tis all as if a black cat was



Snowdrops
by
ARTHUR GUITERMAN
with drawings by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS
Fair Maids of February,
Vestals of the Snow,
Ye that Love
Gray above,
Drifted white below,
Lift your candid bells, whereon
Heaven's crystals shine!
Greet for me my Love upon
This day of Valentine!



brown cloth looked both taller and frailer than it used to.

This struck Mary.

"Why, Phoebe, darling," she said. "You've got too thin. We must mend that."

"Oh, I'm very, very well, Cousin Mary," said the girl, flushing slightly as she felt Sally's black eyes sweep over her. "I never was fat, you know."

"Yes, I do know, vain puss! But there's a difference between slinness and thinness. Don't you find her thin, Sally?"

Sally rinsed a cup with delicate care.

"I find her looking very well," she said.

"Well, that or something certainly gives you quite an air," smiled Mary. "You're not my little village darling any more."

"Fancy!" said Phoebe, blushing and smiling very prettily.



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given to scratching, and a body kept out of reach and let it scratch the air. The little baggage—excuse my plain language, m'm—as long as she don't interfere with me. Tongue is a dish as is easy pickled with scorn."

And so a triumphant America was rolled toward Nelson's Gift, behind one of the brown cobs, seated beside her mistress, with the jewel of the world upon her proud knees.

As they sped along over the familiar road her heart grew ever lighter and lighter, just as Phoebe's grew heavier and heavier, for was she not about to recount her wondrous, true adventures to an admiring and envious clan?

Ever heavier and heavier grew Phoebe's heart until, when they came to the ford of the Green Flower, where she had looked up that April day and seen Richard sitting on Borak at the top of the hill, her whole breast seemed filled with lead. And when they passed through the gate of Hollybrook Wood, and the little Temple of Venus glistened through the trees—so great a sense of shame and misery overcame her that it was all she could do to keep back the moan of pain that rose to her lips. With fixed eyes and set lips she drove on to the front door.

MR. NELSON had been prevented from being at World's-End to greet her and his little granddaughter on their home-coming because of one of his usual autumn attacks of influenza. A letter to that effect from her Aunt Charlotte, who now lived with him, had been awaiting Phoebe in New York, so that she was not unduly disappointed, but it had seemed long until the next day, when she could show him her new treasure and kiss his dear, crisscross wrinkled face again. Now all her joy was poisoned by those terrible voices of inanimate things which call louder than cannon in the ears of guilt. There came back to her the old, familiar words of the man in the Bible who beat his breast, not daring to look up, and cried: "God be merciful to me a sinner." And then rushed over her the thought of how very merciful He had been. "I have been a wretched, ungrateful creature," she thought now, staring at the home which was forever desecrated. "He has saved me from my sin, and I have not thanked Him in any way as I ought to have done. I will begin from this hour, from this moment—if He will only show me how—"

"Confess your faults one to another—" came the instant whisper from within.

"No, no, no," urged a second voice, "that would be the crowning act of selfishness—to ease your own soul at the expense of his happiness."

Which voice was the voice of truth? Which? Which? White and shaken, she drew up the gayly dancing "Jinko" at the door of her girlhood home.

THEY were all there to greet her, having spied the phaeton from the moment that it left Hollybrook Wood—her father—wrapped in a greatcoat over the cashmere dressing gown—Aunt Charlotte resplendent in peacock blue—Aunt Patty, Uncle Burrell—Lily, pushed back to a deferential middle distance by her parents. It was such a welcome as softened even Phoebe's dumb, lonely pain.

Then America was borne off kitchenward by her kith and kin, and Phoebe and the baby were left in the old green-paneled room with Mr. Nelson and Aunt Charlotte.

Her father looked very well, despite his influenza, she thought, as she sat on the little stool at his side in her old place balancing Diana upon his too narrow knee. This feat was very like trying to balance a lively guinea pig on a tight rope.

Diana gurgled and squirmed and swam desperately at her mother with both mitten hands.

"Let me take her while you talk to Thomas," said Aunt Charlotte—and bobbing a wonderful chatelaine at Diana, she so won that midget's fearless heart that she immediately began her swimming motions in that direction with feet as well as hands.

Phoebe resigned her gladly; she wanted so very much to have her father to herself just for a few minutes.

"I need not ask, my precious child, whether you are happy," he said with deep emotion as soon as Aunt Charlotte and the baby had retired to a distant window.

"I need only to look at yonder sweet infant and think of your noble husband, and I am answered."

PHOEBE'S heart swelled. Only twice before in all her life had her father called her "his precious child." Once when, as a little thing of six, she had begged him piteously to bring her dead mother back to life; once when he had said farewell to her on her wedding day, and now in her young motherhood. But, try as she would, she could not respond freely or talk to him as she longed to—in this place. She longed to be gone from it to World's-End, where all was new and untainted—where at least,

If there was fear, there was also hope. And she was radiant when he said yes, that he and Charlotte would come over next day and spend a week with her. She fondled his hand and told him what a charming bedroom and study awaited him there, and what a splendid library Owen had.

"Ah, father dear—more than a week—stay with me more than one stingy little week." And he patted her eager face, saying:

"We shall see. We shall see—but an old man is always wedded to both habits and habitation, my dear."

AUNT CHARLOTTE, who of course accompanied Mr. Nelson on his visit to World's-End, was another thorn in Sally's already festering side. She was probably one of the most extraordinary old ladies then living, and had Sally's sense of humor been keener, and her mood less bitter, might have afforded her much refreshment.

"Ah, do let's have tea in the nursery," pleaded Mary the next afternoon, when the old gentleman and lady arrived from Nelson's Gift. "It is so gay and cheerful there, and Giles says we can't have the baby downstairs to-day, as she's got a 'smitch of cold'—whatever that is."

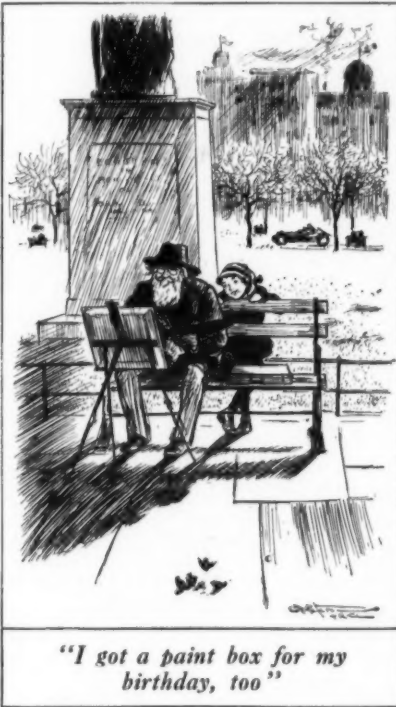
"Yes, that will be so nice!" cried Phoebe—then caught herself up and turned to Sally. "If Cousin Sally wouldn't mind?" she added timidly. Try as she would, she could not keep this little timid note out of her voice when she addressed Sally.

Sally lifted one eyebrow slightly. "Why on earth should I mind?" she asked in quite a pleasant voice—but as she spoke she looked full at Phoebe, which she seldom did, and her eyes were not pleasant. The girl changed color.

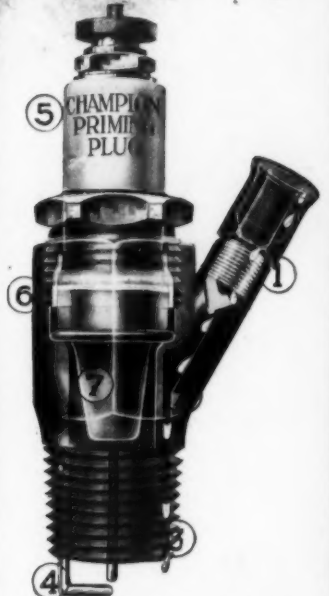
JONATHAN, who had already brought in the old Sheffield tea tray and set it on a table near Sally, stood waiting. Everyone looked at her. She played with her rings, gazing absently into the fire. Owen was out somewhere on the farm with Downer. Suddenly Sally glanced up again. She looked from one to the other with a faint expression of surprise.

"Well—?" she said, "what are we waiting for? The tea will get spoiled."

"Won't you—" began Phoebe. She hesitated, coloring painfully, and glanced from Sally to Jonathan.



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"Surely," said Sally, giving her voice a tone of pleasantry, "you are not playing bride still and waiting for your sister-in-law to give orders in your own house?"

The others felt the unhappy jar of this without seeing exactly why they felt it. They stirred uncomfortably, and just here Owen came in.

HE greeted Mr. Nelson and Miss Talliaferro warmly.

"Tea? Jolly!" he exclaimed. Something in the atmosphere struck him. "Why aren't you having tea?" he asked. "That kettle will boil over in another second."

"We—we were thinking of having it in the nursery," said Phoebe in the low voice that he knew. He glanced sharply at Sally. She was smiling slightly. He thought he understood.

"Take the tray up to the nursery, Jonathan," he said. "Come along all. I'm very keen for my tea. But if little Di tries to climb up my legs as usual she'll get scratched, I'm afraid. I'm bristling with Spanish needles and what Mary in her refinement calls 'leggar's bice.'" He gave his arm to Mr. Nelson to help him up the stairs. Aunt Charlotte skipped in front like an aged lamb—not a sheep, by any means.

The evening before, at dinner, Phoebe had wanted Sally to keep her place at the head of the table, and Sally had loftily and rather cuttingly declined with a few curt words. Owen had felt impelled to say: "Sally is perfectly right, dear. Don't fuss—" Phoebe's lip had trembled, but she had quietly done as he wished. The dark blaze kindled in Sally's eyes by his words had burned fiercely all through the meal. "Stupid—tiresome of her to a degree—and cruelly unkind," Owen had thought, with all a man's helpless irritation over the petty, interminable wars of women. But Phoebe, the dear, must be led to show more "spunk." Hadn't she the solid phalanx of his love and support behind her? Now he felt that again there had arisen some silly household issue—the question of who was to give Jonathan his orders, probably. Phoebe must learn to take her place as mistress. Sally was all nettles. A timid touch covered one with blisters. All very well, but how to teach Phoebe to grasp those nettles fearlessly? He turned it over and over in his mind all the way upstairs, while outwardly responding to Mr. Nelson's cadenced remarks.

THE nursery certainly looked a joyous place, as Jonathan held back the door for them to enter. The huge fire of cedar and apple prunings, built on the altar of Diana's "smitch of cold," danced with an effect of gay laughter over the bright chintz and the glasses of the pictures. Each window was a curtain of rippled gold from the blowing leaves outside. The tea table had been set on one side of the blazing fire, and Giles was restraining the baby by the tail of her white frock from laying siege to the silver that glittered so alluringly in that mysterious upper world represented by the tops of tables and the seats of chairs.

"Ba-ba-ba-ba," clamored Diana, whose cold in the head changed her favorite word despite her, and then she sneezed so charmingly and looked so quaintly astonished that Mary rushed over and caught her up in her arms, while Giles "blew" her bud of a nose for her with learned skill.

"Ba-ba-ba-ba," called Diana, and swam toward her mother, pressing her little stomach against Mary's shoulder with all her might. "Ba-ba-ba-ba—" she went on wailing, until Phoebe took her and cuddled her close against her breast.

"Ah," said Mr. Nelson, leaning back in a big halfway-house chair, like the one at Nelson's Gift, and pleasantly soothed by the hot cup of camomile tea which Phoebe had made for him from the baby's stores. "Now that, I grant you, is a congenial subject for a picture—the young mother and her babe. How much happier a combination than a maiden with a crow. Mr. Bryce should paint you thus, my dear. Do you not agree with me, Owen?"

Phoebe's face was hidden against the baby's hair.

Sally, apparently looking into the fire, watched her as the cat watches the mouse on which another cat has pounced. Owen said:

"I don't think my nephew could ever paint a really good portrait of Phoebe. She hasn't the type that he understands."

Mary, on her knees beside the low chair in which Phoebe sat, was scrutinizing adoringly the little face which peeped out from under its crocus-colored floss of hair.

Diana had got hold of her mother's hand and was luxuriously munching the rings, so charmingly cool to her feverish gums. Two little teeth, like the dwarf petals of an ox-eye daisy, were already through.

"I'm staring at you, you precious," said Mary to the baby, kissing one of her little bronze shoes, "to see whether you're all your mother, or some your father. What do you think yourself, Phoebe? She's absurdly like her, but don't you think there's something, just a wee something, about her forehead and the way her hair grows that reminds one of Owen? What do you think, Sally?"

"I don't think she's at all like her father," said Sally in a peculiar voice.

"Nor I," said Owen. "She is Phoebe and Phoebe only from top to toe. That's why I'm so very partial to her. Just push back that down she calls hair, Mary—and you'll see the little 'widow's peak' that seals her Phoebe's—wholly."

MARY did so. The little face had a singularly winning, innocent look with the soft hair thus strained back from it.

The big violet eyes looked like two flowers suddenly stripped of their shading foliage.

"Oh, you precious!" cried Mary, and kissed the tiny "widow's peak."

Everyone looked on with smiles but Sally. She looked on too, but her expression was one of somber brooding. Owen felt that a sharp physical illness would be preferable to this chronic sick anger against Sally which was gathering in his heart, and of which he could give no direct sign. He went over suddenly and held out his big hands to the baby. Instantly she put out her little curved arms, which as yet seemed to have nothing in them so grim as bones. Her face was one shine of glee; the two little daisy petals showed like drops of milk in her pink mouth.

"How she dotes on her daddy!" laughed Mary.

"It seems to be reciprocal," said Sally.

THE baby was lying back in the hammock made by the big arms, chuckling with pleasure. She had got hold of his tie and jerked it rhythmically.

Something that she could no more control than the beating of her heart urged Sally on.

"Do you love the child because you're its father, or do you think you would love it in any case?" she asked him.

"I love it because it's Phoebe's," he said. "Except for inconvenient conventions, I should love it in that case, no matter who happened to be its father."

Phoebe's heart seemed to open wide, letting forth all the blood in her body at one hot gush, then to shut so that she felt suffocating. She bent forward, and began to gather up the scattered toys that lay about her chair. Owen was thinking that for the first time in his life he understood how men sometimes beat women with staves.

Sally went further. It was just as though some perverse demon were at her elbow, joggling it, joggling it. She smiled her slightly one-sided smile and said to Phoebe:

"You have a very complacent husband, my dear Phoebe."

THEN Owen looked directly at her, and, though he was smiling too, there was something in this smile which gave Sally a queer "turn."

"Yes. I'm a very uxorious husband indeed. I remind myself of the Biblical saying—it were better for a man that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones—meaning, of course, Phoebe and Diana in my hopeless case."

Sally felt somehow chilled by a vague, sinister warning. She tried to search his face covertly for some deeper meaning than had been expressed by his words, but vainly. He had given the baby back to Phoebe, and was engaging Aunt Charlotte in conversation.

Phoebe drew her chair near her father's, and Mary followed, a still unsatiated baby worshiper.

Shortly after, the baby's reception broke up, and Phoebe went with her father and Aunt Charlotte to show them their rooms.



Running back, about ten minutes later, to look for Aunt Charlotte's "face-a-main," which she thought she must have dropped in the nursery, Mary was surprised to find Sally there alone with little Diana.

The baby was seated on a white fur rug, hammering with one of her little bronze shoes upon the floor, and Sally, chin on hand in a low chair, was regarding her with the fiercely confused expression of a she wolf looking at the child that it has not yet decided whether to adopt or devour.

SALLY started as Mary spoke, and that dark flush settled on her cheek bones.

"The nurse had to go downstairs for something, and I said I would stay till she returned. I came back to look for my handkerchief."

Mary smiled and nodded from the white rug on which she had swooped down beside the baby. "Poor Sally!"

she thought, "how queer she is! Fancy making excuses for wanting to see more of such a duck as her only niece."

"Isn't she the angelest thing?" she laughed, tickling the baby, who chuckled wildly and said: "Pr-r-r-r!" through a series of bubbles.

"Mary—" said Sally—(she could not help it any more than Dostoyefsky's hero could help circling closer and closer about the flame of justice which was to burn him to a crisp)—"Mary—I know the child has Phoebe's coloring—and you said you saw something like Owen in her—but—look at her in this light—from this angle." (Mary leaned nearer to Sally.) "There! just that view—don't you think she looks like Richard too?"

Mary shook her head.

"I really can't see the slightest hint of a likeness to Richard, Sally."

"Well—I do," said Sally, shortly.

(To be continued next week)

Fingering the Buzz Saw

(Continued from page 18)

We liked Kephart, and when little rumors began to come in about his possible execution as an example to American filibusters, there was some pretty mutinous talk in the troop—that before we'd allow such a thing we'd see that there was a considerable increment to the Spanish-speaking population of down below, and such bragadocio as that.

We had no strong hand over us and yet even the Lieutenant should have known that men at arms of different convictions, stationed side by side, are like gamecocks tethered to the same stake.

Then a duplicate of the General's former telegram came and off I drove to Ariyapa again, but it was no placid, smiling Mother J. R. that got off the train this time. It was the real Mrs. Kephart.

SOME place I've read that the features and skin of Mary Queen of Scots were so fine and delicate as to seem translucent. I know now just what the writer meant. Mrs. Kephart was a frail woman, slight and bloodless, so frail in fact as to seem a scarce-embodied spirit, and her features had that very waxy translucence that my writer had in mind. She seemed calm enough at our first meeting, but I saw that her eyes were never for a moment still. They looked at me and did not seem to see me at all. That woman was in agony of spirit. Her mind had room for just one thought, and all the answer she could find to anything I said was: "Yes—yes," with a nervous wave of the hand that dismissed it as unimportant. She had come straight from Mexico City, where they had temporized with her for a month and then frozen her blood with some brutal intimidation that had sent her flying northward.

The mules could not go fast enough for her. She sat, with one hand on her chin, kneading her fleshless cheek with her slim fingers. She did not stop to see the Lieutenant. She walked swiftly to where I had pointed out the nearest carcel window and stood at the bars calling out some baby name for her son. Then she fairly threw herself at the grating, and that is where fat Don Luis found her after his orderly had reported to him at Mexican headquarters that she had arrived.

YOU may be sure that K Troop was gathered at the line to see what would happen. We couldn't hear what was said but we didn't like the Colonel's manner, though he escorted her back to the border and left her with a very low and deferential bow.

The only accommodations for a lady in Alcondones were those we could offer; but we had Mother J. R. If there was

one being this side of heaven that Mrs. Kephart needed it was this same pillowy mountain of sympathy who had done so much for us. There was the contrast of the poles between those two women—erect patrician Mrs. Kephart with her tragic, hopeless face, and our smiling embodiment of the eternal spirit of motherhood who was all things to all men.

It was good to see Mother J. R. welcome that troubled woman to her own swept and garnished bedroom, and four or five of us kept an interested vigil that night over the little square of yellow light that was her window; we knew that somehow she would bring comfort and repose to Kephart's mother. Past taps and on toward midnight we sat there, and then the door opened and we saw Mother J. R.'s sizable form, black against the light, as she slipped out and made straight toward us.

"Jerry," said she, breathlessly, "what's this skulduggery about those yellow greasers and Mrs. Kephart's boy?"

I STARTED to tell her, but she stopped me. "But she says he's goin' to be shot day after to-morrow—"

"What!"—this from one of the men with me.

"Well, of course he ain't," she asserted emphatically. "I wouldn't allow no such agoin's on—not fer a minute—but why wasn't I told?"

She was all for waking up the Lieutenant then and there—to order him to invade Mexico, I suppose. But we stopped her. We knew that if the Lieutenant was informed, he'd spoil everything. We wanted time to think it over, we said—there was a

day and a half to spare. She could go to bed. We would fix it. Oh, yes, we'd fix it. I shiver whenever

I think of how near we came to "fixing it." But Mother Carter accepted our promise and went off, snorting indignation, to bed.

It was serious business. If we went across that line as a troop, it meant, at a long chance, intervention and war, and courts-martial, long prison terms for mutiny, and some hangings for all I know. That didn't deter the young bloods. They were all for their rifles and ammunition belts and devil take the aftermath. But old Danvers was wiser and he held the keys to the arm chests. He had a plan.

The Mexican carcel guard was light.



She walked swiftly to where I had pointed out the nearest carcel window and stood at the bars calling out



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The Swoboda System is no Experiment. I am giving it successfully to pupils all over the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, congressmen, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business men, farmers, mechanics, and laborers and almost an equal number of women.

The Swoboda System is so successful because it does not stop with mere primary physiological effect, but it proceeds beyond the effect of ordinary exercise, into the realm of organic evolution, through the secondary and tertiary effects. It energizes, develops, recreates and causes the body internally and externally to adapt itself, for greater success in promoting the realization of perfect health and physical organization. Most physiologists know only of the primary effect of exercise. If my system were limited to the primary effect alone it would be no different from ordinary exercise, but **the Swoboda System** is based upon a fundamental evolutionary principle. It creates, by its secondary and tertiary reactions, results which are impossible for other exercise—results, too, which seem impossible to those who do not understand.

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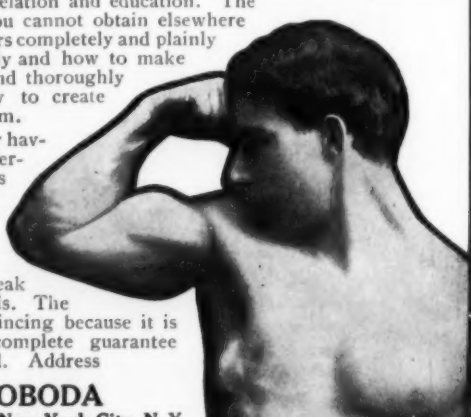
It is not a dry treatise on anatomy and physiology, but it explains in a highly interesting manner the human body as it has never been explained before. It tells in a simple manner what you have always wanted to know about yourself. It will be to you a genuine revelation and education. The knowledge which it imparts you cannot obtain elsewhere for any sum of money. It answers completely and plainly the question—"What is the body and how to make it strong, virile, full of vitality, and thoroughly healthy?" It also shows how to create super-adaptation of the organism.

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ALOIS P. SWOBODA

1217 Aeolian Hall

New York City, N. Y.



In the night, five of us should slip across the line, seize the sentry at the end of his post, muffle and tie him, and then pry apart the bars of the jail window with a crowbar. I shall not encumber this story with the tale of that attempt. It failed. They had tripled their guard, and, when we got close in, that carcel wall split and cracked with musketry like electricity from a cat's back on a frosty night. We ran. There was nothing else to do—and the devil was to pay. When our little sortie rendezvoused behind our barrack wall, we were all there save one. And with the luck running that way, who should that one be but poor Mother J. R.'s lad Freddie? We did not know what had become of Freddie.

WHILE we stood shivering in the marrow-chilling cold of the grisly hour that just precedes the dawn, up from across the line came the tinkling notes of the Mexican reveille sounding just one hour ahead of time. All of K Troop was up then—the shots had awakened them and they knew that something unusual was occurring. Dim figures were just visible, moving about the jail, and then dawn came on with a rush.

There, against the pale, ragged hills and their sunrise selvage of gold, the long, tawny stretch of plain leading up to them, the wonderful evanescent blue of that thin sky, the crumbly saffron adobe walls, their battalion was drawn up in two lines, facing each other, and these with the jail wall made a sharp-angled U—open side toward us. Ragged, barefoot, gaunt troops they were, with their straw hats and their shoddy blue uniforms, but they looked formidable to us—their heavy double ranks and their rows of brown rifles.

Within one hook of the U stood a squad of twelve before three stacks of arms—bayonets fixed. All the rest of the troops were as stark at attention as statues, but this squad stood at ease, and in front of them an impatient subaltern, with drawn sword, was pacing nervously up and down—now, back to us, whacking at a cactus close to the wall, now consulting a wrist watch, and then away again on his nervous, impatient pacing.

SOME time after midnight, Mother J. R. had gotten her charge off to sleep (it was the first time Mrs. Kephart had slept in three days) and then mother herself dozed. She'd never been able to consider our business seriously, and I think that she looked on the Mexican Revolution as a sort of big-boy game. She was soon to be disillusioned, poor soul!

We watched all this from the barracks window in a sort of silent awe. We knew what it meant, but we couldn't seem to bring ourselves to a realization of what had really come about. The troop saddler, a drowsy Carolinian fire eater, was the first to awake. He ran over and shook old Danvers by the shoulder.

"You goin' stan' yeah 'n low that?" he yelled, "you know what that is? That's cold blood! mudeh—that's what that is."

The old fellow gave him a puzzled glance, and turning, fished his key ring from his pocket. It was a very strange proceeding. Each man went quietly to the unlocked arm chest and got his rifle—then we waited. There was no scuffling or excitement. Hardly a word was spoken until Danvers said:

"Sneak out and crawl to the 'dobe wall in front of the barracks. Don't let 'em see you. And see here, I don't want a thing done till I give the word—mind that, you."

THAT is what we did to the letter. We were soldiers, with the regular army system drilled clear through us—responsibility to our Government, obedience, esprit du corps. A single shot would have been mutiny, riot, disgrace to our regiment, quite apart from the fearful possible consequence of international war. Yet, to watch in supine silence the deliberate murder of a fellow countryman, and as it proved of a comrade, was more than we could do. We waited for some impulse to start our action.

Well, the jail doors flew open. The sentries on either side came down to a smart "present arms" in salute, and out of the gloom stepped a fat, white-haired priest, in black skull cap and gray-roped cassock. The early morning breeze fluttered the coarse stuff against him, outlining the shape of his heavy, sedentary legs, and revealing glimpses of his white

socks and leather sandals. With hands folded, fingers down, head bowed forward, he marched at the funeral step, and behind him, with arms reversed, stalked two sentries at the dead march, and then, hatless, pale, and haggard, but jaunty and debonaire, came young Kephart, and by his side, deathly white and with blue eyes as big as saucers, but with lantern jaw clamped tight and head held high, our own man, Freddie Carter—and then two more sentries.

SLOWLY this lugubrious procession trailed across the front of the jail and out to the flank of the lines—then stopped. They were waiting for Don Luis, but we didn't know that. From some place near us we heard a woman's voice, and just as a victoria, drawn by two ponies, pulled up in the Mexican plaza with a great flurry of gravel, and Don Luis (oleaginous, puffing, and resplendent in gold lace) got out, a woman—she seemed a mere wraith—came skimming across the line with arms outstretched.

All the cold composure of Mrs. Kephart was gone. Don Luis saw her and nodded to his orderly, who caught her, a little too roughly, I thought, and held her struggling.

Each little second was bringing nearer an inevitable crisis, but it wasn't the crisis they were expecting over there across the line. No one can say what may cause such a tension to snap, and there were we, every magazine crammed to the chamber, every breechbolt cocked, waiting like an alpine avalanche held by the ounce of resistance in a single snow plant. And they, over there, didn't know it. One nervous lad with a single shot would have made that Alcondones plaza a shambles. I could fairly hear destiny rumbling along the horizon and it sent little shivers chasing each other down my back.

Something in that tense moment made me think of Mother J. R. and I looked toward her door. There she stood—still half asleep, rubbing her eyes with her fat fists. Then she saw us crouched behind the wall, and her glance raised to the stage set for the tragedy beyond. Her mouth went agape, her hands still doubled drowsily near her eyes. She saw Don Luis and the rows of troops, and then, I think, her son.

Her jaw closed with a snap. Her whole face glowed with the blaze of battle. Her hand swept the doorway for a weapon, and it found—a broom.

Dear, dear, old Mother J. R.!

There was no bluff about Mother J. R.'s charge. She meant it. She was deadly. As she passed the gasping Luis she fetched him a blow with her besom that sent him staggering and sputtering. In the consternation of her making her son run to meet her and Kephart took the cue from him.

THIS happened in a flash of thought, and the next moment those two boys were across the line. No ley de fuga obtaining therefore; as though at command, K Troop rose with rifles ready. The Mexican Fifty-ninth awakened to action ten seconds too late. Men in ranks become a machine requiring a lever-touch to move it—and their commander was still rubbing his smarting eyes, dancing an infuriated bear step, howling disjointed and meaningless commands, all interlarded with horrible Spanish oaths about the feet of the Twelve Apostles.

Then he came charging across the line to tear his erstwhile captives back—and drew up standing with the muzzle of old Danvers's Springfield jabbed, not gently, into the full of his stomach. Our orders on that were plain, too—a man of either belligerent who crosses into neutral territory must be made prisoner and interned. The Mexican garrison was as certainly without a commander as their firing squad was without targets. Once on his own soil, Kephart was safe, and not all the power of Mexico could take him back again. His mother had fainted, but when she woke, she smiled. Save one, I have never seen a sweeter look than the one Mother J. R. gave her son. But with memory and coordination her face grew stern.

"Freddie," she intoned, "I always said I'd wallop you when you needed it no matter if you was big as a mountain—to give me such a scare!"

WITH that she fetched him a hearty clip on the side of the head. We cheered her, and Freddie joined in.



Rehearsing the Playgoer

(Concluded from page 8)

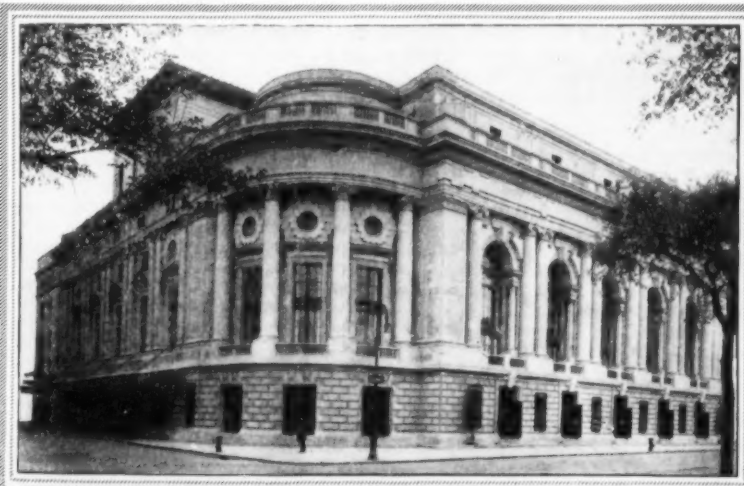
his cockney wife gains force on the stage, as also the irony of the fact that it is in the atmosphere of her humdrum, housewifely common sense that he for the first time finds happiness. The prevailing spirit is of gaiety untinted with bitterness, of intelligence that is not only keen and illuminating, but genial and warm. The play deserves a place among the happiest achievements of the contemporary drama.

"Tante," a version by Haddon Chambers of the novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is lacking in dramatic concentration and coherence; but it is brilliantly written, and is especially remarkable as affording Miss Barrymore an opportunity for character comedy of the very first order. It is creditable to Miss Barrymore's sincerity as an artist that, untrammelled by the regard for popular "sympathy" which mars the work of so many stars, she softens no detail of the portrait. The dominant note is of uncompromising truth. The performance reveals as never before her powers in high comedy.

"General John Regan" is an Irish play by Canon Hannay, who signs himself George A. Birmingham, and has been chiefly known for his novels of Irish life—"Spanish Gold," "The Red Hand of Ulster," and others. It is a slender piece—a theatrical anecdote rather than a formal comedy. Yet it is full of the native imagination and humor, and beneath the surface lies a rich vein of satire. Essentially it is a far more serious arraignment of Irish character than "The Playboy of the Western World." A fervent Nationalist divides his energies between denouncing English oppression and scheming to graft upon a fund generously supplied by England for local improvements. A priest sophisticates his conscience in the matter and the consciences of his flock. It is a little glimpse of Tammany Hall on its native bog. Yet the spirit of the whole is so light-hearted and its drollery so contagious that no one has taken offense. The play is filmy as thistledown, its touch as graceful and airy.

POSITIVE APPRAISEMENT OF PLAYS

CYRIL MAUDE, well known in England for the variety and artistic finish of his character impersonations, has given us a taste of his quality in several parts; but it is as Grumpy that he is destined to become known the length and breadth of this land. The play is a drawing-room detective melodrama; but though the type is not new, the scenes and incidents are fresh. It has a full measure of suspense, of thrilling action, and of broad comedy. Mr. Maude impersonates a barrister advanced in years, of whom chance makes an amateur detective. Here, as in his other impersonations, Mr. Maude shows that he is of the school of our great comedians. With the sunny spirit of Joseph Jefferson he combines a versatility of the highest order.



The New Theatre, that flourished as a repertory playhouse, but was salvaged for Opera

The Drama Society makes no pretense of selecting the ten best productions of the year. Even after the season is over, and there is time for nice discriminations—for the delicate balancing of values—to draw any such hard-and-fast lines would savor of dogmatic presumption. Selecting the plays one at a time—as the committee must if it is to command the immediate attendance of an audience—such discrimination is manifestly impossible. The verdict is never negative: it is always positive. The committee does not say that any play is less worthy than any other. But it does say, and says as emphatically as possible, that all the plays on its list of ten for the season are good plays—that each has some note of freshness expressed with artistic distinction.

THE FIRST "ORGANIZED" AUDIENCE

ITS selections thus have an interest for art-loving playgoers throughout the country. In many respects the judgments it renders are unique. They are formed not by one man but by a committee, and thus escape individual vagaries and predilections. Moreover—and this is the chief point of value—they are not merely an expression of opinion; they are a mandate, sent out to one thousand people whose time is as precious as their money, that they must spend upon the play an evening and the price of a seat. Few judgments, if any, in matters dramatic, are weighted with so grave a responsibility.

The society constitutes, as far as we know, the first audience that has been definitely organized, in any country, for the support of the national drama. Compared with other attempts toward a more artistic theatre, it is almost absurdly inexpensive. But there is apparently no limit to its growth. If a single invitation brings the response of one thousand subscriptions, there is no reason why the society should not double, treble, quadruple its numbers.

It has no theatre of its own, to be sure, no company, no producing staff; but that, for the present at least, is one of its chief advantages. Of theatres, actors, and producers there are already more than enough. What we lack is a definite incentive to do the best work—a definite assurance that it will meet with due appreciation. When the organized audience reaches its full proportions, it will, by the very fact of its existence, command the best efforts, not of a single staff and company, but of ambitious playwrights, actors, and managers everywhere. The spirit of the organized audience is democratic, its field of influence national.

To the full realization of its ideals, to be sure, it should have its own distinctively artistic theatre, with a repertory of the great classics and a permanent endowment. Perhaps that will come in time. Who knows? Where the tobacco is, the pipe is not long forthcoming.



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A Parliament of Hungry

(Continued from page 9)

he said, "who started South for a winter's work I have no doubt are now doing time because by their life they must be wanderers and can sometimes make no adequate defense against the charge of vagrancy. The country needs us. It cannot do without us. It has passed laws for the protection of the migratory birds. Can it not pass laws for the protection of the migratory birds of labor?"

This was obviously a good question to put to a United States Senator, and indicates no small degree of intelligence on the part of the interrogator. Many of the others were just as good.

The Senator began with a few plain words on the limitations of municipal, State, and Federal constitutions, and then went on to make an address that was sound and practical and worth much more to any man than bread and coffee.

By 8.30 the last man was fed and gone, and the total number served had reached 1,200. Sometimes it goes as high as 1,400, and the number will average 1,000 from late September to early May, when the army of the unemployed is drawn away by the country-wide demand for transient, unskilled labor.

The men are scarcely out of sight after breakfast, which is the only meal of the day served to them, before the women and children begin to come. There are many, but every hour of the day the church makes good to them the promises on the sign upon the outside. During the noon hour every week day some four hundred independent, self-respecting, pay-as-you-go working girls are served with a hot, nourishing luncheon in a cheerful atmosphere, and besides have the free use of certain of the church parlors, with sofas, rocking chairs, pianos, and reading tables. The cost to them is but fifteen cents a day, and they go back to their work refreshed in body and mind. The luncheon hour has not been for them a mere feeding time. It has been a recreation. They have taken heart and thought and pleasure, and life has got a new zest from this oasis in which they have tarried for a while.

The children are served in many ways, but the most notable is when the good old summer time approaches. Then this motherly old church swoops up whole neighborhoods of children and takes them daily to and from the parks, keeping them out almost from dawn to dark, furnishing free superintendence, a good luncheon, and car fare both ways.

THE MAN AND HIS SERVICE

AN effort is made to have the same children go regularly every day in succession. There is no knowing how many lives and how much ill health have been saved to children by this simple, practical helpfulness by a simple, practical man who feels kindly toward every man and tries to put every man he touches into a mood of friendliness with the whole world.

Only recently Dr. Myers was accosted by a burly young street-car conductor who said to him: "Doctor, I would have been dead of tuberculosis if you hadn't made my mother let you take me to the park all one summer."

And now we want to look more closely at Johnston Myers himself—the man who leads and administers in all this work.

He is a man of studious inclinations, who loves books and the society of the cultured. He would like to dig his sermons deep out of the lore of scholars, to polish his phrases and preen his soul for flights of eloquence—but, bless you, he never gets a chance! Something is wrong with him. His heart is very tender. If there are twenty dogs on the street, he will only see the one that is poor and lame and woe-begone, nor will he be able to get that

dog out of mind till he has done something to relieve its pitiable condition. Johnston Myers has two brothers who are preachers. One of them has a great reputation as an orator. Perhaps the hero of our bread line had similar ambitions twenty-nine years ago, when he began his career at one of the downtown churches of Cincinnati—but it was no use. People had the most remarkable habit of coming to him with their troubles—and he on his part had the most remarkable capacity for devoting himself all day long to the attempted solution of these troubles. After ten years in Cincinnati, the young divine saw himself in danger of becoming—not a minister of the Word and the Spirit, but a preacher, as it were, of pots and pans, a purveyor of coal and groceries: not the prophet of a people but their chief commissary.

The Reverend Johnston fled from such a career to the church in Chicago where there were no poor. In that day was not the First Ward the bon-ton residence district of that great city?

Were not the Pullmans, the Fields, the Armours, the great names in his new parish? Certainly!

Certainly! Yet, there was need, even here. Where the granaries were bursting there were homes without bread; where the packing houses were full there was bread without meat; and under the very windows of wealth hungry men and hungry women stalked the street like specters. Within a year Johnston Myers was at it again. His hand was in his pocket much oftener than his head was in his books. This time there was to be no resisting the call—no Jonah-like flight from Chicago-Nineveh.

Besides having a sympathetic heart, Dr. Myers was a man of practical business genius. He knew how to get money—and how to use money—and how to get things done. More and more clearly it dawned upon the man that books and studies and the refinements of scholarship were not for him. Clearly his highest duty and his most remarkable talent lay in another direction. More and more the fashionable ladies of his church discovered that pink teas and missionary conversaciones and Browning guessing contests held no attraction for their pastor. They could not make a social lion of him. The call of a widow in want echoed louder to his conscience than the beck of a whole guild of his social stars. They saw too that he was right in this.

The members of the church do not keep their pastor for themselves; they keep him for the needy of his city. They do not pay him his salary because he tickles their ears with oratorical conceits; they pay it because he feeds them solidly with the unsensational Word, and because he is their vicar to the poor of the First Ward and to every man, or woman, or child, who comes from anywhere with a need that his genius can supply.

Besides things have changed greatly in the First Ward in nineteen years. The big names there now are not Armour and Pullman; they are Hinky Dink and Bathhouse John. Manufacturing has crowded in. The First Ward is no longer the bon-ton residence district. The red-light region is but three blocks away from the steps of the church. But the church still holds on its way. Between upper crust in the auditorium and lower crust in the basement is a great gulf fixed, and yet the upper crust tries at least to keep the gulf from widening, and simple, unfilled Johnston Myers is at all times the bridge between the two. Dr. Myers is an exceedingly thrifty manager. While the disposition of his church is good, it is fairly obvious that when it comes to feeding the unemployed of a continent, some help from the outside is necessary. Dr. Myers is delicately skillful in securing



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this, while at the same time exceedingly sensitive about being regarded as a solicitor of alms. He has a very wide acquaintance among business men, and while seldom or never appealing for help, the work makes its own appeal, so that ways are continually found by his friends for putting money into his hands for the feeding of empty-pocketed men.

Money comes to him from unknown sources. There is never a plethora of bank account. Needs are always present; sometimes the cupboard threatens to be bare, but always relief appears. Only recently a business man of my acquaintance had been conducting a "blue-jean day campaign" among 500 of his friends to help carry the bread line through to April 15 of this year.

No, confessedly, Dr. Myers's life has not gone as he would have it go. And yet he is supremely satisfied with his reward. The wealth of friends and the rich treasures of domestic love have been given him in brimming measure.

A Treeful of Owls

(Continued from page 6)

a fast man and a mighty ground gainer. Any football coach would have shed tears of joy at his first appearance for practice.

John Wilson did not have to wait, as many a freshman must, to attract the attention of Minds, the head coach. He secured immediate consideration.

Minds asked him if he had ever played football. John Wilson shook his head. Then the head coach carefully placed the ball in the middle of the field, gave instructions how it should be kicked off, and kicked. The oval went about forty-five yards—a good, solid kick-off.

AT once the Indian was given a chance. The ball was placed by the head coach as before, and John Wilson was signaled to kick. He loped up to the ball with an air of utter indifference, swung his right leg, landed on the ball with his toe, and kicked it—clean over the goal line. Fifty-five yards!

"Indian claims he never played football before," remarked Minds to his assistant. "Ain't my business, but if he hasn't played football two years at least I'll eat my old moleskins."

"You bet," agreed the assistant coach; "but don't say a word to arouse suspicion. Don't look now—Zeus Junior's on the side line, eying the Injun as a cat does a canary."

"Not a word from your Uncle Dudley. But say—with the line I have in prospect, and that Indian in the back field, I'll beat Harvard sure as God made little pigs to cover footballs."

Professor Furness did not overhear this conversation—it wasn't necessary. It was sufficient that he saw and comprehended this pantomimic performance.

Later the professor of Greek arose in faculty meeting, rasped his throat to attract attention, and read a section of the eligibility rules, to wit: "No student shall be allowed to represent the college in any public athletic contest, either individually or as a member of any team, who receives from any source whatever a pecuniary gain, or emolument, or position of profit, direct or indirect, in order to render it possible for him to participate in college athletics."

PROFESSOR FURNESS reminded the president and professors that the college would not only remit the tuition of the Indian in their midst, but would provide him with room, pay his board, and presumably reimburse him for laundry charges, et cetera—and thus "render it possible for him to participate in college athletics!" If the college could educate and support this Indian, and still observe the eligibility rules, what was to prevent the hiring of a skilled athlete—"not by our institution," said Professor Furness, "but by some struggling college hungry for the advertising resultant from success on the athletic field."

Long discussion ensued, but the proposition advanced by the faculty member of the Athletic Council would not down. It was finally voted, on the president's suggestion, to debar John Wilson from all intercollegiate contests until the matter of his eligibility could be carefully considered and perhaps informally discussed with the athletic authorities of other institutions of learning—Harvard, for example.

The coaches and the undergrads were mad enough at Zeus, Junior, to mine the lawn of his residence and blow him over the moon. With the red man the college

He is shrined in the devotion of his church and in the affection of vagrant souls that skirt the far borders of the American continent, and whose messages of remembrance come to him from every part of the world.

He never walks along the wharves, or past any place where large numbers of men are at work that excited murmurs of: "There he is! There he is!" do not greet his ears.

Johnston Myers is not a great preacher. He is something harder to be, and he reminds us inevitably of another preacher who once laid aside his doctor's robes and girded a towel about his waist and said: "But I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says to my prayer:
"I never puts on My ministers no more than they can bear.
So back you go to the cattle-boats an' preach My Gospel there."

could beat Harvard; without him—defeat. And by faculty ukase John Wilson was relegated to the scrub—all because of a technicality. No wonder there was outcry everywhere against the courts!

TRIS FORD had a cold, a very bad cold. He couldn't seem to shake it off, he said. And so the day after the baseball season closed—the Giant-killers were expected to "repeat," but didn't—the manager slipped out of town, telling no one remotely connected with the Fourth Estate where he was going.

The sporting writers of the city had concluded, with unanimity surprising in experts, that the championship was lost through the August batting slump. In a measure, Ford took this view of it; but he knew that the real weakness of his otherwise invincible machine was behind the bat. By July, Ira Landis, the club's first catcher, had recovered entirely from his gunshot wound, and was "as good as ever," the experts insisted. Tris Ford smiled at this. Landis was still a valuable backstop, but never again would he be the great catcher he had proved himself against the fleet-footed Cubs. His accident, and particularly the slow healing of the wound with the attendant favoring of the injured leg, had slowed Landis down. Never again would he be likened to the panther or any other agile creature supposed at all moments to be "up on his toes." But this was a secret shared by the manager with no one.

THEN there was Rapp, who had starred behind the bat in the World's Series of a later year, cutting the daredevil Giants down at second as if they were anchored to the path. But here again luck was against the Fordmen. A foul tip had struck Rapp in the neck, causing a growth which necessitated an operation. From this resulted much pain, with continual annoyance, and while Rapp's arm was as sure and his catching as certain as ever, he had lost some of his ginger. He, too, was slowing down a bit, Ford perceived. This left only the third man of the string, Bates, secured from Baltimore. The manager had small hopes of making him a first-class catcher. He was slow to think—a fatal weakness in a backstop. Tris Ford, although the ablest tactician in baseball, was at bottom a business man. Like the best of merchants and manufacturers, he never failed to look ahead. He planned two, three, often four years in advance. And he went after the players.

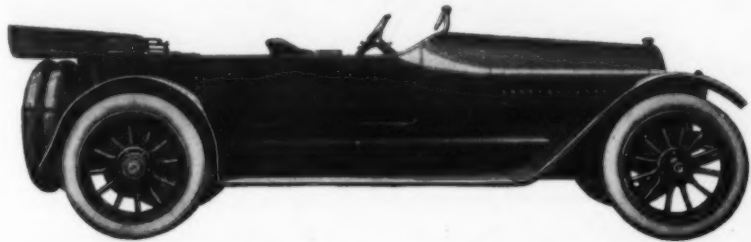
THIS explains why Tris had such a very bad cold, and why he went away to an inn recommended as a quiet, comfortable place, with an exceedingly good table—all at a high point in Vermont, not far from White River Junction. He lited about for a couple of days, taking long walks and enjoying the crisp autumn air. On the third day, while buying a paper at the news stand, he remarked to the boy in charge: "Isn't there a college up here somewhere?"

"Sure," replied the distributor of current literature, "not twenty miles from here. And, believe me, they's got some football team this year."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Ford, opening his eyes wide in astonishment. "They's an Indian—real Injun from the Wild West—who's the greatest half

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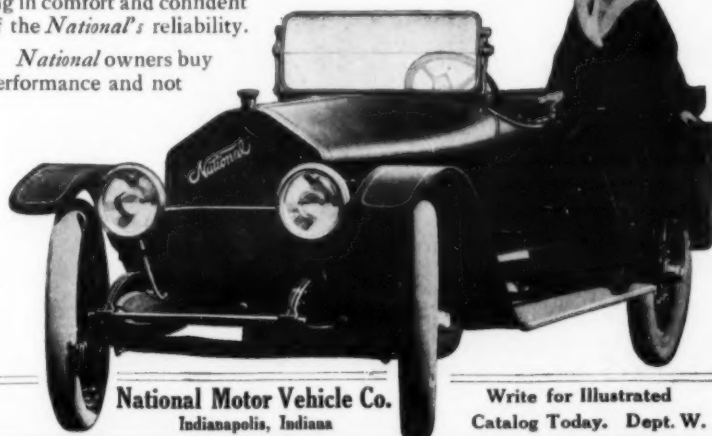
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back in the hul United States. But he's on the scrub," added the boy sadly.

"On the scrub?" repeated Ford. "Won't they let him play?"

"Not so far—but the 'lumni are working hard to get 'em to let him play. Ef Harvard's willin', he'll play. And b'lieve me, he won't do a thing to the Crimson—he'll eat 'em up!"

"I'll run over and look the team over," remarked Ford. "Nothing else to do."

"You kin go there on the trolley in an hour," volunteered the boy.

Thus the manager of the Glant-killers went to the "old coll." But he went incog.

The next day a half-breed Indian who passed for a full blood, rather shabbily dressed, came to the inn, walked rapidly to the stairs as if he knew or had been told the way, and without trouble found a room on the second floor. His knock brought a cheery "Come in!" and he was closeted, as the press would say, with the most successful manager in organized baseball.

"Glad to see you," said Tris Ford, holding out his hand. "Have a chair."

The Indian sat down on the edge of the most uncomfortable chair and fidgeted with his cap.

"Let's start right," began Ford. "You answer now to the name of Wilson, don't you?" he asked with an amused smile.

The red man grunted; meaning yes.

"But out in New Mexico," continued Tris, "you played ball under the name of John Smith. Isn't that right?"

The Indian stared sullenly at his inquisitor, who went ahead: "Your father's name was Arrow-smith—an Englishman."

"Squaw man," said the Indian, somewhat bitterly.

"Your mother was a full-blooded Indian, wasn't she?"

Smith or Arrowsmith or Wilson nodded.

"You caught for the Deming Club."

The Indian entered no denial.

"For money," emphasized Ford, stopping short.

"Going tell?" asked the red man.

Tris Ford laughed. "My own business takes all of my time," he said. "Get out of your head that I'm here to give you away—tell on you. I'm not. And I don't want you to quit college—just yet."

THE Indian, who had heard nothing but "professionalism" and "eligibility" since he came to college, appeared much relieved by the manager's attitude. "Now, what's your game?" asked Ford pointedly.

"Want beat Harbridge."

"You mean Harvard at Cambridge," corrected Tris, suppressing a chuckle.

A smile from the red man—his first.

"And when you lick Harvard—what then?"

"Money—make money—baseball."

Tris Ford shook his head. "You stay right where you are and get some coaching for that gray matter of yours." He tapped his head. "Learn to think—to think quick. If that endowed brainery—the college—is any good, there must

be some kind of practice to make a bright young fellow like you think—think quick."

Slowly, but not very decidedly, the Indian moved his head, betokening a glimmer of understanding.

"There's a study named calculus," continued Tris. "It's doing figuring with signs—sort of major-league arithmetic. I guess. You might take a swing at it." The red man looked blank.

"If not that," said Ford, noting his suggestion was coldly received, "then something to improve your memory—something to help you learn the batters' weaknesses—and never forget 'em. History might do that—names and dates and what happened. Say—if you knew when Napoleon was retired at Waterloo and what put him out of the game, why—you would never forget what kind of ball fools Napoleon Lajole—and strikes him out. See!"

The Indian grinned. History might have surprises in store for him, but nothing touching upon the careers of Napoleon Lajole and Hans Wagner.

"And when you have learned to think—to think quick—I'll give you something to think about. I'll find you a position, coach you, and make a great catcher out of you."

Hearty approval from the red man.

"You promise to sign with me?" demanded Ford.

The Indian grunted yes; then exacted his promise:

"And you no tell?"

"Not a thing, John—Wilson!"

As the red man went out, Tris Ford gave him a parting order:

"Write me once in a while and tell me how you get along. Write if you want anything," he added significantly.

"Me write," said John Smith-Arrow-smith-Wilson.

In this manner—not forgetting Andy Yellott's tip—are great ball players "discovered."

IT was a week before the Harvard game. Students and the young blood of the faculty thought of little else.

The fate of the redoubtable John Wilson was not overlooked—it could not be. Day after day, playing with the scrub, he tore the varsity line to tatters, scored touchdowns practically unaided, kicked goals from difficult angles, and caused Minds to blubber with joy one minute and curse Furness in bitter wrath the next. When transferred to the first team the Indian made the scrub look like the Lyme High School eleven. What wouldn't—rather couldn't he do to Fair Harvard! The faculty edict had not been revoked. The red man was not allowed to participate in contests with other colleges so far.

However, the alumni member of the Athletic Council—Hare, a former football captain—had gone to Cambridge, with the president's permission, to submit the question of the Indian's eligibility to the Harvard athletic authorities. When he returned he wore quite prominently a smile of acute complacency.



In Prehistoric Manhattan

"The paper says they've introduced a bill forbidding pterodactyls to fly over the island and limiting the height of dinosaurs"

A Hot Letter from a Pipe Smoker

FOREST CITY LIVE STOCK AND FAIR CO.
North Randall, Ohio
1050 Leader-News Building
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LARUS BROS. CO. November 17, 1913
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:—I am more than surprised to discover that you are advertising "Edgeworth," and are offering to give some of it away.

It has never been my policy to advise other people concerning their business, as I have had enough to do to take care of my own affairs. But, if I manufactured Edgeworth, I would see all the smokers in the world dead and buried before I would give away as much as a pinch of it.

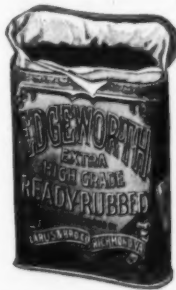
Three years ago my dentist heard me complaining because I could get no pipe tobacco that was worth a cent a carload. He immediately introduced Edgeworth. If I had a million dollars I would be almost willing to give him half the sum for what he did for me. Since that time I have smoked Edgeworth and nothing else. And it has the same flavor today that it had the first time I smoked it. I have told a thousand friends about it and they are now all Edgeworth devotees. Pipe smokers who come to my house go "daffy" over my Edgeworth. Hence I cannot understand why you have to give any of it away.

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General Manager, The Forest City Fair
Secretary, The Grand Circuit

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But he refused to talk. He must first report to the faculty.

One glance at Hare's reassuring smile, and Minds ordered John Wilson to the back field of the varsity, and began to reel off formations with a zeal and decisiveness that indicated he had fixed on his final line-up. The undergrads on the side lines pulled off the snake dance. Harvard was beaten then and there.

Faculty meeting late that afternoon was held not entirely in secret. Hare was invited to be present; and with thorough assurance and unregenerate satisfaction he made his report.

In a nutshell: Harvard had no objection to the playing of the Indian on the varsity eleven, provided only that he was a regular member, in good standing, of the freshman class.

There was no cheer, of course, but one or two professors and several instructors clapped their hands timidly. The president smiled approval upon Hare, as much as to say: "Well done, good and faithful diplomat. We'll glory over this later."

BEING so devoted to ancient Greece, the cradle of the drama, Professor Furness was not without histrionic genius. He smiled with the president, and permitted Hare's report to become *res adjudicata* before he got upon his feet. Even this he did with the air of the defeated one who rises to make it unanimous. He was silent a moment, as if embarrassed as to how to begin; then slowly drew from his pocket a letter.

"Before we determine this perplexing case, I have here a communication which I feel it my bounden duty to lay before you." The professor of Greek paused and rasped his throat. "I took it upon myself, as the faculty member of the Athletic Council, to institute an investigation of this student's antecedents." Another pause, quite dramatic. It was noticeable that the satisfied expression on Mr. Hare's face was fading slightly. "I wrote to the school on the Taos Reservation, New Mexico, and asked about an Indian named John Wilson who had graduated there, giving the year designated in the certificate presented to us. The reply was"—a wearing pause while Professor Furness glanced from the worried Hare to the disturbed president—"the reply was that there had been—I read from the letter from the head of the school—a fair-haired Scotchman by the name of John Wilson at the school, but never an Indian by that name."

SENSATION among the faculty! Hare appeared crestfallen, Prexie unconcealedly disappointed, the professor of Greek blatantly triumphant.

Of course the masquerader was summoned before the president. Asked where and how he had obtained the certificate, he refused to answer. But when threatened with instant expulsion, and remembering Tris Ford's admonition that he remain in college until the following summer, he confessed and implicated the generous-hearted grad at Albuquerque.

"Where did they get the certificate?" asked the president, amazed at such unethical procedure on the part of graduates of the college.

"From John Wilson—fifty dollar Mex.," replied the Indian.

The president found that, under a liberal construction of the gift in behalf of the Indians, John Arrowsmith (using his right name) must be received, sheltered, and provided with as much education as he could assimilate. But necessarily, having passed no entrance examinations and possessing, of his own right, no certificate of admission, he could no longer be looked upon or classified as a regular member in good standing of the freshman class; therefore was ineligible to participate in intercollegiate contests. He must not face Harvard.

After the Indian had quitted the presence of the "chief" of the institution of higher learning expressly founded for the benefit of the red man, he observed to the sore and disgusted head coach, speaking with an abandon most unusual in him:

"Prexie—he an old woman. Tris Ford—he a treeful of owls!"

THE game with Harvard was an evenly-matched but uneventful struggle. Neither team scored; which gave rise to many a variation of: "It might have been." The one high light was provided by Arrowsmith, "to an anthropologist most illuminating," as Professor Furness remarked. The scrub eleven had been

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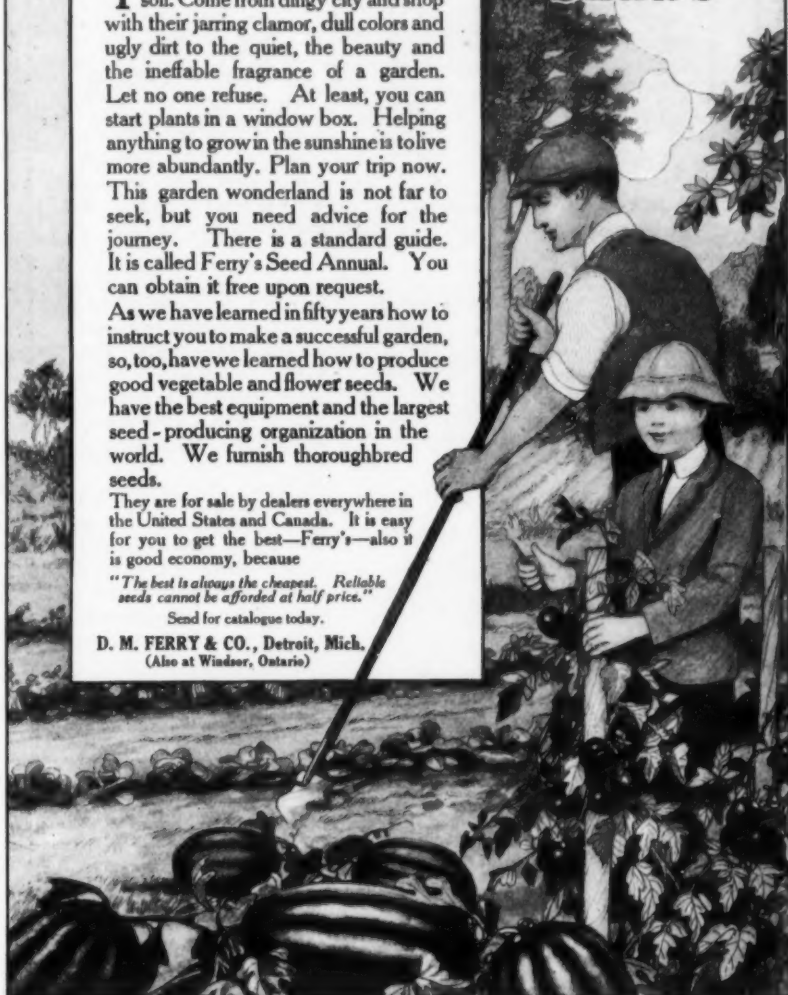
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taken along as a reward for playing doormat to the varsity. The Indian, in his brown canvas jacket and moleskins and his stockings and jersey of buff and blue, sat as impassive as a bronze statue until the Harvard squad appeared in the stadium.

They came upon the field wearing crimson stockings and jerseys and with bright crimson blankets fluttering from their shoulders. Arrowsmith gasped in childlike surprise, jumped to his feet, and let out a bloodcurdling yell. His team mates gaped at him in wonderment. Had he gone suddenly crazy or had he been partaking too liberally of fire water? Seeing their questioning expressions, the Indian, unabashed, explained:

"There is a college color—red!"

As a people we palefaces habitually acquire calendars and hunt for the date line of newspapers when writing letters—all as though we counted the spurt of time by days and months. Not so. According to his occupation, each man fixes the rounds in the battle of life. Tris Ford, for instance, split up his season by the untoward events relating to his ball club, conspicuously the injury to his players.

In August following John Arrowsmith's year at college, Rapp, who was doing most of the catching for the Giant-killers, while at bat was hit by a vicious inshoot and his throwing arm broken. This meant, alas, that he was out for the rest of the season.

It was a staggering blow, a squelcher to the team's prospects. So far Landis had caught only two games. He was always "rounding into form," but never quite rounded. He put in his time schooling the young pitchers, and although Manager Ford kept it dark, he knew that Ira Landis was "through."

The Giant-killers were leading in the championship race by a scant four games. With nobody to do the "receiving" except the incapable Bates—really a minor leaguer—what hope was there of maintaining this slight advantage? And almost to a man the experts answered:

"About as much chance as St. Louis has to cop the pennant."

The accepted parlance is to speak of baseball as a game played on a diamond. In matter of diagram, it is played on a fan-shaped field. At the "handle" of this fan stands the catcher—the one man of the team in the field who faces the game. To the catcher travels the ball from pitcher—from the catcher radiates the game. The catcher is the keystone of the defense. And Rapp's injury had left the team without a first-class catcher. Who could say that the experts had exaggerated the catastrophe which had befallen the Giant-killers?

Two days later, in the opening game of the series with the Red Sox, the official announcer informed the curious crowd that the battery for the home team would be "D-a-r-t and A-r-r-o-w."

And an Indian, magnificent specimen of his race, put on the mask and went behind the bat.

AGAIN Tris Ford—"a treeful of owls"—had put one over on the experts. Frankly and in good part the sporting writers acknowledged this. For Arrow caught a wonderful game. No passed balls, no dropped third strikes, although Bill Dart used his demoniacal speed. Not a man lost at second. And as for quick thinking! Read this from the account in the "Public Scroll":

"All doubt as to the redskin's gray matter was obliterated by a dazzling

play never before seen on the home lot, if in any ball yard. Shradly on third, the fleet Cooper on first, and Yeger at bat. On the third strike, which the Indian captures, Cooper sprints for second and Shradly starts a dash as if to come home. Arrow, quicker than lubricated lightning, makes a bluff to throw to third, driving Shradly back on the slide, and in the same motion the red man whips the horsehide to second, getting Cooper by an eye wink. Can you beat it? Not without rifle and ball. The Injun will do—do very nicely—thank you, Tris! And the Giant-killers will win the championship, bless their hard hearts."

One or two inquisitive sporting editors questioned whence had come the red man. Not off the "farm," of course, but fresh as paint from the reservation! It was hinted that the Indian's prowess was the by-product of higher education. "As he is not known at Carlisle," wrote the "North Star," "John Arrow must have attended the Painted Post Polytechnic."

But in the little barber shop, chair by chair, Tris Ford and Andy Yellott were congratulating each other.

At the same hour, hidden away in a boarding house, lounged the mighty catcher. Strewn about him were the papers in which his picture crowded the news of the day into the background. He was cartooned in feathered headdress and with tomahawk, chasing the frightened Bostonese out of town. He was given a sonorous name that was sure to stick—"The Chief." But to all this acclaim he seemed utterly oblivious.

His mind was on other and more obvious things. He thought with deepest regret of the somber stockings and brown trimmings of the uniform he was destined to wear until he was traded, sold, or released. And in his child of nature's heart he wished that Tris Ford was manager of the Red Sox!

AS this story had two beginnings, it also has two endings. About the time John Arrow of the Giant-killers was ruminating upon the charm of red over brown in socks and trimmings, two early-rising mining engineers were chiming together at Albuquerque as they smoked their pipes.

Remarked one who had been rated the All-America quarter back of his senior year:

"Don't suppose you could lend me a hundred? Want to buy a solitaire."

Promptly and decidedly the former end rush made answer:

"Not if you were to engage yourself to Carnegie's daughter and could get married and realize on your investment to-morrow."

Somewhat irrelevantly the ex-quarter back then observed:

"I guess folks are right—the only good Injun's a dead Injun."

And the ex-end rush put the capper on:

"We got a dead one, all right, all right."

But elsewhere in New Mexico they knew better. Already money was being raised to paint and elevate a sign near the tracks of the transcontinental, that he who traveled that way might read:

THIS IS DEMING
WE RAISE WHEAT, ALFALFA,
CATTLE, SHEEP
and
BALL PLAYERS
If You Don't Believe It Ask TRIS FORD
of the
Champion GIANT-KILLERS
This is the Home of ARROW

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOLUME 52

FEBRUARY 14, 1914

NUMBER 22

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, President; E. C. Patterson, Vice President and General Manager; J. G. Jarrett, Treasurer; Charles E. Miner, Secretary; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, Manager Advertising Department . . . 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

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HUDSON Six-40

The Reign of Sixes

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THIS year's Automobile Shows have revealed to men, in a startling way, the tremendous vogue of Sixes. Fourteen leading makers show nothing but Sixes, and 37 of them show Sixes for best. Among the higher-priced cars not a maker attempts to market anything but Sixes.

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Now the Hudson Six-40 Brings a New Day in Sixes

Now the HUDSON engineers, who always lead, bring out a new-type Six. A Six with a small-bore, long-stroke motor, such as Europe is using to minimize weight and fuel cost.

They have built a Six-40, with extra tonneau seats, which weighs 2,980 pounds. That's 400 pounds less than our last year's four-cylinder—the HUDSON "37"—with shorter wheelbase and lesser power. And this new-type

Six, which shows 47 horsepower, consumes one-fourth less fuel than the HUDSON "37."

The price is \$1,750. Not a comparable car, whatever the type, has ever been sold so low.

Note what this means. A much lighter car than the best we could do in Fours. A much lower fuel cost. And a price attained by no other makers in a car of this size, class and power.

So everything now—in this HUDSON Six-40—is in favor of the Six. Men who want light weight, low fuel consumption, and the lowest price in a quality car, must come to this Six to get them.

Legions of men, to whom cost has barred Sixes, will now find this Six-40 the only affordable car.

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This car also brings out new ideals in beauty, new conveniences, new equip-

ment features. The Streamline body—now the vogue in Europe—is shown here in perfection. Flowing lines from tip to tip, without the awkward dash angle. You will find, we think, no other car so handsome and impressive.

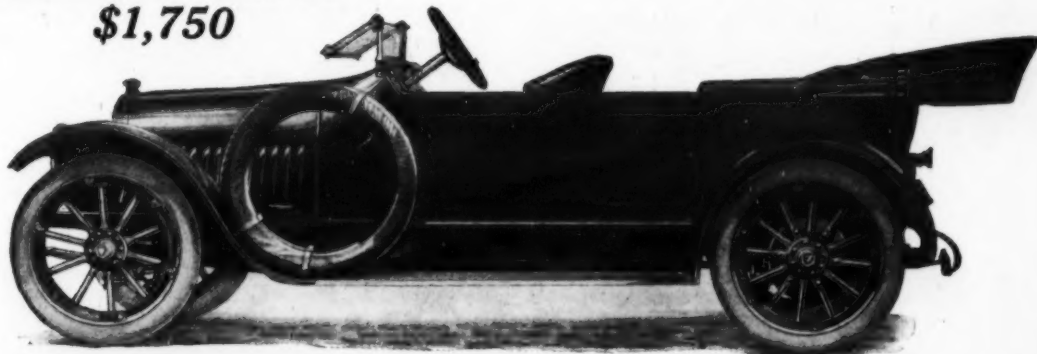
Then note the new features which we list below. Some of these attractions have never before appeared in any American car.

Our Larger Six-54

We build on the same lines the new HUDSON Six-54. In design, in finish and equipment these two cars are almost identical. But the Six-54 has a 135-inch wheelbase. It has more power. And the price is \$2,250.

Go to your local Hudson dealer and see these new-type Sixes. Go early, because we are now—in midwinter—weeks behind on orders. Even for spring delivery you should make decision now. Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book will be mailed to you on request.

HUDSON Six-40 \$1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
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"One-Man" top of Pantasote.
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A No. 2-19-W IDEAL Boiler and 340 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$165, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

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